

July, 1938

The American Mercury

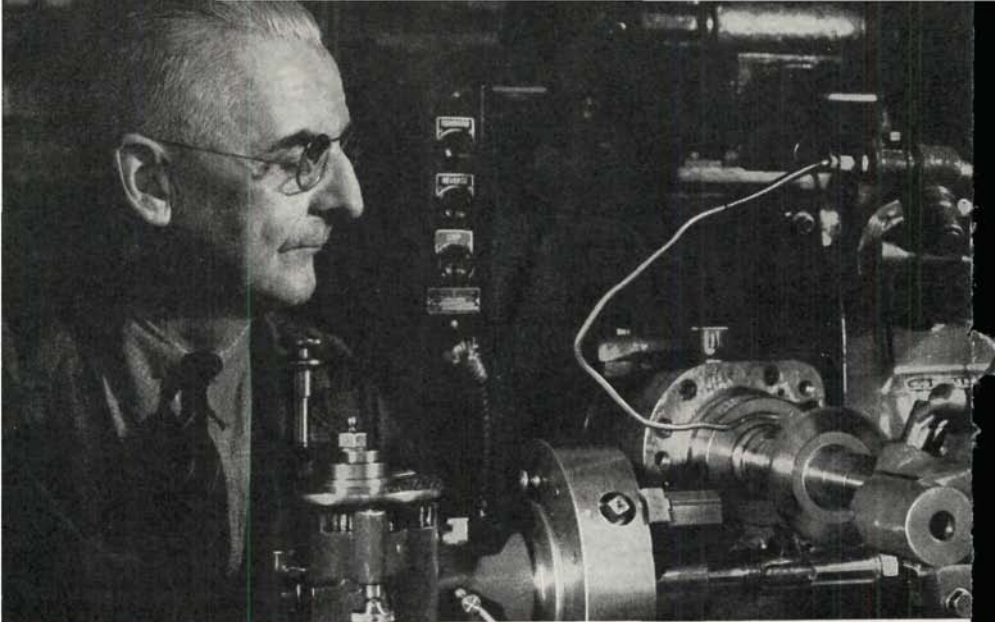


Two-Thirds of a Nation	Channing Pollock
Professors Have Soft Jobs	Anonymous, A.B., A.M., Ph.D.
Radio Horror: For Children Only	Worthington Gibson
No More Rabbits in the Hat	Albert Jay Nock
The "Lost-Generation" Hoax	Fletcher Pratt
An Appreciation of Hemingway	Kenneth Campbell
The End of America	T. Harry Thompson
So I Joined the Union	A Workingman
Enemies Are Valuable	John H. Bradley
The Old-South Myth	John W. Thomason, Jr.
Earthquake in Messina	Wayne Francis Palmer
The La Follette Platform	An Editorial
The Vanishing American Symbol	Alan Devoe
Why I Believe in the New Deal	David Cushman Coyle

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XLIV	TABLE OF CONTENTS	NUMBER 175
July	Paul Palmer, <i>Editor</i>	1938
When America Marches to War.....	Gordon Carroll	257
Two-Thirds of a Nation.....	Channing Pollock	267
Professors Have Soft Jobs.....	Anonymous, A.B., A.M., Ph.D.	276
The "Lost-Generation" Hoax.....	Fletcher Pratt	283
An Appreciation of Hemingway.....	Kenneth Campbell	288
The End of America.....	T. Harry Thompson	292
Radio Horror: For Children Only.....	Worthington Gibson	294
Why We Have Farmers.....	Frank Money	297
Enemies Are Valuable.....	John Hodgdon Bradley	302
So I Joined the Union.....	A Workingman	307
Children.....	Ruth Purdy	315
Earthquake in Messina.....	Wayne Francis Palmer	318
EDITORIAL:		
The La Follette Platform.....		323
THE OTHER SIDE:		
Why I Believe in the New Deal.....	David Cushman Coyle	328
THE STATE OF THE UNION:		
No More Rabbits in the Hat.....	Albert Jay Nock	333
DOWN TO EARTH:		
The Vanishing American Symbol.....	Alan Devoe	338
POETRY:		
I. Tears for My Country.....	Winona Montgomery Gilliland	342
II. Occasionally Despairing.....	Louis Stoddard	342
III. House of Clay.....	Byron Herbert Reece	343
THE LIBRARY:		
The Old South Myth.....	John W. Thomason, Jr.	344
THE CHECK LIST.....		iv, 354
AMERICANA.....		360
THE OPEN FORUM.....		364
THE CONTRIBUTORS.....		x
Lawrence E. Spivak, <i>General Manager</i> J. W. Ferman, <i>Circulation Manager</i>		

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WHAT a difference today in child-health schedules—in the routine parents follow right from their youngsters' cradle days! Sun-baths and balanced diets, inoculation against disease, early and frequent visits to the doctor and dentist—Mother and Dad never knew such exacting care when they were young!

Schools didn't include classroom drills in gum massage, either, in those other days. But now, in classrooms all over the country, modern teachers are drilling children in *gum massage*—explaining why the gums, as well as the teeth, need daily and special care.

Gum Massage an Aid to Oral Health

Today's well-cooked, fibreless foods make gum massage a modern need. Lacking the stimulation of vigorous chewing, gums tend to grow weak and flabby. All too often that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush flashes its warning signal.

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—

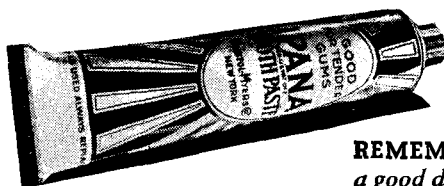


see your dentist. You may not be in for serious trouble but let him decide. Usually, however, his verdict will be that yours is simply a case of gums that need more work and exercise—and often gums that will respond to the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

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THE CHECK LIST

★★★★ indicate a book of exceptional and lasting merit. ★★★ a distinguished and valuable work. ★★ a readable and engaging volume. ★ a fair performance. ☆ an unimportant book, but possessing some characteristic of value. The absence of stars may be taken to mean the absence of merit.

FICTION

★★★★ THE YEARLING, by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. \$2.50. *Scribners*. This is a beautiful book. It possesses those three essentials, rare by themselves, and most rare in combination: knowledge of the subject, something to say, and ability to say it. It is the story of a boy's coming of age in the Florida wilderness, a generation before the winter resort rackets, the citrus fruit plantations, and the real estate booms; muzzle-loading shotguns were just giving over to breech-loading weapons and brass cartridges. It is alive with every kind of life; simple people of the earth, snakes and bass and alligators, deer and bear and turkey, coons and catamounts, the singing birds and the wildfowl. The chapter which describes the dance of the Whooping Cranes is as lovely a bit of writing as you will ever see.

★★★ HOPE OF HEAVEN, by John O'Hara. \$2.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. Novelette by the author of *Appointment in Samarra*; a short thing, but once started not to be put down until finished. The materials are slight: certain utterly amoral persons on the fringe of the moving picture business. With them Mr. O'Hara achieves authentic tragedy, and resorts neither to chest-thumping nor posturing while he does it. Unlike Mr. Hemingway, to whom he is compared, his effects require no distortions nor special settings. To make the ordinary significant in its narrow orbit is a thing demanding special talent. De Maupassant had such talent, and Mr. John O'Hara has it.

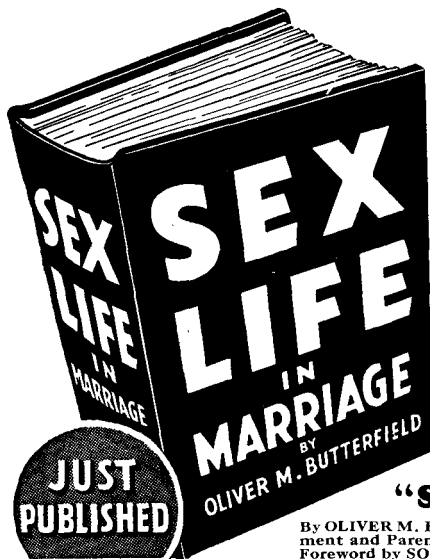
★★★ THE UNVANQUISHED, by William Faulkner. \$2.50. *Random House*. Six short stories about the Sartoris family, knitted

together with only partial success to make a novel-like book. Once again it is overwhelmingly obvious that Mr. Faulkner's great talent lies in the direction of slapstick comedy and not in the domain of the dark tragedy for which he is chiefly noted. This is the man who can write the classic American humorous novel — will he ever do it?

★★★ JUAN IN CHINA, by Eric Linklater. \$2.50. *Farrar & Rinehart*. Amusing and readable, but not nearly so good as the previous volume, *Juan In America*.

★★★ HEARKEN UNTO THE VOICE, by Franz Werfel. \$3.00. *Viking*. One of those bleak prolonged historical romances for which the Germans have talent. The author of *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* tells here the story of Jeremiah, notable calamity-howler in the days when the line of David was running down, and the Babylonians were rounding out their empire; of the siege and sack of Jerusalem, and of the Captivity. It is full of blood and cruelty and priestly chanting, and the gross pageantry of the elder earth. If you take the trouble to check it with Rawlinson's *Ancient Kingdoms*, it is evident that Herr Werfel has done a praiseworthy job of archeological reconstruction; immense labor and learning have gone into its pages. But the book will not likely be sold in Hitler's Reich, since several of the more conspicuous and deplorable characters are drawn with venomous accuracy from those contemporaries of Herr Werfel's whom the Reich now delights to honor.

★★★ THE BEST OF RUNYON, Edited by E. C. Bentley. \$2.00. *Stokes*. A selection, by an Englishman and for English consumption.
(Continued on page vi)



“New, Different, Progressive”

This book represents an unusual co-ordination and correlation of theory and practice. To an academic background extending over many years, during which the author specialized in his subject, he brings long experience as a practicing marriage counselor.

His recent article on Marriage in the READER'S DIGEST drew an overwhelming response from readers in every walk of life.

The present work is no mere cataloging of sexual phenomena, but a considered treatment of the fundamentals and implications of the marriage relationship. The viewpoint expressed is a progressive one and of the highest social significance.

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By OLIVER M. BUTTERFIELD, Former Staff Member (Child Development and Parent Education) Teachers College, Columbia University. Foreword by SOPHIA J. KLEGGMAN, M.D., Assistant Clinical Professor, Obstetrics and Gynecology, N. Y. University College of Medicine.

PART OF CONTENTS

Marriage; Various Kinds
Polygyny, Polyandry, and
Communal Marriage
Love Marriages

Sexual Attitudes and Emotions
Sex Stimulation (Contact, Mental, Complex)
Differences in Sex Temperament
Sexual Awakening
Caressing
Emotions that Hinder
(Shame, Guilt, Fear of Pain, Inferiority Anxieties, Fear of Pregnancy)
Attitudes and Emotions that Help (Affection, Confidence, Interest and Enthusiasm, Patience, Sympathy, Playfulness)

The Organs of Sex
The Woman's Organs
The Man's Organs
Hormones

Planning the Honeymoon
Travel or Not?
Comfortable Beds, Quiet, Leisure
Dressing and Undressing

CHARTS AND EXPLANATIONS

Female Sex Organs, Side View.
The Internal Sex Organs. The External Sex Organs. Female Sex Organs' Front View. Entrance to Female Genital Parts. Male Sex Organs' Side View. Male Sex Organs. Front View. Male Reproductive Cell, Front and Side Views.

Bathing
Planning the Family

The Technique of Sexual Intercourse

Helpful Attitudes
The First Union
The Invitation
The Right to Refuse
The Several Phases of Coitus
The Fore-play
Problems of Husband and Wife:
Relaxation
Lubrication
The Hymen
The Clitoris
Premature Ejaculation
Psychic Impotence
Making the Entrance
Positions for Intercourse (with recommendations)
Copulative Movements
Gauging Emotional Progress
The Orgasms
The After-play

The Frequency of Intercourse

Motives for Intercourse: (Conception; Expressing Mutual Affection; Releasing Sexual Tensions)
Sexual Frequency in Later Life

Pregnancy and Children

Eugenic Considerations
Hindrances to Pregnancy
Signs of Pregnancy, Aschheim-Zondek Test
Miscarriage
Sexual Intercourse During Pregnancy; After Childbirth

Overcoming Sexual Maladjustment

Maladjustments Common to Women; to Men
Causes of Maladjustment
Inadequate Courting
Withdrawal
Premature Ejaculation
Unequal Desire
Masturbation
Psychic Impediments
Physical Changes (Pregnancy; Operations; Illness; The Menopause)
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vi

THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from page iv)

tion, from the short stories of Mr. Damon Runyon, whose best is very good indeed. Reported to be enjoying wide sales through the United Kingdom, and to be influencing, in a remarkable manner, the very shape and cast of English speech. When people laugh together at the same things, there is a bond more enduring than formal alliance, and not at the mercy of the House Naval Affairs Committee. Mr. Damon Runyon may thus become one of the influences for harmony between the English-speaking peoples — whatever his attitude towards the past tense.

★★★ THE WELL OF ARARAT, by Emmanuel Varandyan. \$2.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. The richness and color of life in a Persian village before the Great War, as seen by a young boy who recounts the tragedy and passion that involved his family.

★★ THE ANNULET OF GILT, by Phoebe Atwood Taylor. \$2.00. *Norton*. In a Cape Cod house inhabited by a beautiful blonde and a retinue of sinister foreign servitors, that astute detective, Asey Mayo, once again triumphantly unravels another knotty murder case. The thriller is pleasantly fantastic.

★★ WHAT PEOPLE SAID, by W. L. White. \$2.75. *Viking Press*. A story of small town politics, by the son of William Allen White. For a first novel, good; but too long and too diffuse. The author's next attempt should be considerably better.

★ LISA VALE, by Olive Higgins Prouty. \$2.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. The author of *Stella Dallas* once again portrays an heroic wife and mother. During the course of 400 pages, the heroine has a satisfying platonic relationship with a patient suitor; extricates a son from a blackmail suit and a daughter from an unsuitable marriage; and when financial ruin descends upon her husband, cheerfully takes to cooking. The pattern of the conventional popular novel is closely followed and the story emerges pleasantly prepared for a trip to Hollywood.

(Continued on page 354)



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Illustrated With Many Photographs

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viii



The American MERCURY

WHEN AMERICA MARCHES TO WAR

BY GORDON CARROLL

IF THE recent moves to enlarge the Supreme Court and to reorganize the Federal Government were sufficient to awaken the public from its amiable lethargy, the truth about America's official mobilization plans for war should arouse the country to a state of supercharged alarm. Unknown to millions of citizens, there exists in Washington today an authoritative Government blueprint to create a dictatorship in the United States immediately war is declared. Congressional legislation to cement this irresistible totalitarian State has already been enacted, or drafted. The Army and the Navy have perfected their programs for an unprecedented conscription of American youth. On the outbreak of hostilities, the Federal Govern-

ment, with all the impersonal efficiency of the modern machine, will extend its control to the most obscure corners of the country, and into the life of every citizen. This enveloping movement will not merely "endanger" the traditional forms of Democracy; it will destroy the Democratic system itself.

When the full force of the coordinated Mobilization-Day measures takes effect, you will overnight find yourself living in a land where:

Every person from the age of sixteen upward will be at the command of the Government;

The price of every article and commodity will be fixed by the Government;

Factories will produce only what the Government orders;

Labor will be deprived of the right to strike;

Food, and all other necessities of life, will be rationed;

Incomes may be taxed up to 93 per cent, and profits, up to 100 per cent;

All wages will be fixed by Presidential proclamation;

All business will be licensed;

Orthodox laws of economics will be outlawed, civic rights violated, the press, radio, and movies censored, and personal liberty destroyed.

In brief, every person and every enterprise in the United States will automatically become part of a giant war-machine, the control of which will rest in the hands of the President alone. Congress will abjectly surrender its powers. A Super-Government will take over.

This is no Wellsian dream of life on Mars. This is what will happen to you and me and every other American the day war is declared. The proof now lies in Washington. There, in the bureaus of your Government, are the official documents which comprise the program: the Industrial Mobilization Plan, the National Defense Act, and four bills now before Congress.

The first of these blueprints of the American Fascist War-State — the Industrial Mobilization Plan,

or IMP — is the vast framework of official ideas and proposals constructed by the War and Navy Departments for meeting a war emergency. The IMP is not a law in itself; it is the vehicle through which the Government proposes to implement, and supplement, the provisions of the National Defense Act. It provides that the entire matériel resources of the nation, as well as its man power, be placed at the disposal of the military immediately upon the opening of hostilities. Administrative machinery, supplementing the National Defense Act, has been designed for one-man control of all industry, trade, and commerce. The whole story is told with simplicity and candor in a pamphlet of seventy-five pages, issued by the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C., for the sum of fifteen cents. It would be well if millions of Americans were to purchase this booklet and study it closely. Therein they would find more engrossing drama than that contained in a hundred detective-story thrillers.

As for the certainty of enactment of this or similar legislation in time of war, we have the opinion of Senator Borah, who in a recent speech said:

If we were called upon to wage war in some foreign affair . . . the Govern-

ment would call for and receive authority for the exercise of the most arbitrary powers. If you doubt that, consider a bill now pending in Congress and which has already received the approval of a committee. It is called the War Profits Bill. It ought to be called a bill to cut the jugular vein of the Republic. It is called a National Defense Act — it should be called the National Assault Act. . . .

Mr. Borah, a veteran senator, understands thoroughly the technique of enacting congressional legislation; he knows that during the frenzy of war hysteria, with the Administration employing high-pressure tactics, measures of the most extraordinary nature would pass without difficulty. Likewise, the officials of the War Department in Washington today are highly confident of swift legislative action. Also the officials of the Navy Department, of the Army and Navy Munitions Board, and of a host of other governmental agencies which would assume overpowering stature upon the outbreak of war. Indeed, almost everyone involved in the machinery of America's M-Day program is acquainted with the details, and sanguine of results, except for one person — the average American citizen. As long as he is to be the principal victim, it would seem only fair that he be told what lies in store for him. That is the purpose of this article.

II

The IMP, backbone of our totalitarian War-State, is already functioning in a preliminary manner. The War and Navy Departments are now, and have been for some time, undertaking studies of American factories with a view to charting their wartime values. The nation has been divided into geographical procurement districts and each one of the branches of the War Department has not only located headquarters in these districts but has also delegated to each certain responsibilities. The war output of more than 20,000 factories has been analyzed; of these plants, 12,000 have been assigned to one or more of the Army supply branches. *Each has signed a document* known as the "Accepted Schedule of Production", which means that the plant in question has accepted the responsibility of wartime manufacturing duties as directed by the Super-Government.

Industry has no choice in the matter of accepting this regimentation. In wartime it will either confirm or vanish. The Defense Act, already the law of the land, provides:

In the case of any individual, company, or corporation who shall refuse to give the United States preference in the execution of orders or who shall

refuse to furnish arms, ammunition, or *other supplies at a reasonable price* as determined by the Secretary of War, the President is hereby authorized *to take immediate possession* of such plant or plants and through the Ordnance Department, United States Army, to manufacture therein such product or material as may be required.

These are perhaps the most remarkable words ever to appear on the statute books of a Democracy — yet not one person in 10,000 is aware of their existence.

A psychological polish is put on the IMP by providing a Public Relations Administration to foster the good-will of the citizenry and inspire confidence in the leadership of the War Government. In essence, its tasks will be the same as those of Herr Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry in Germany today: the line drawn between censorship and publicity will be so fine as to become invisible. The result will be rigorous Federal control of the press, radio, movies, and other media for dispensing information. Among the functions of the Public Relations Administrator will be "to enlist and *supervise a voluntary censorship of the newspapers and periodical press*". Left to the imagination is what will happen to any newspaper or magazine which refuses to submit to "voluntary" censorship.

On the subject of labor, the IMP presents a picture of the American workingman in a strait-jacket. There is no question of employer *vs.* employee; no hint of labor's rights or labor's preferences; no discussion of open shop *vs.* closed shop, or CIO *vs.* A. F. of L. The Government merely takes over. Only in the Fascist nations of Europe and in Soviet Russia is labor similarly regimented.

Still another part of the IMP is concerned with "new legislation required", the measures being classified as follows:

- Industrial Management Act
- War Resources Control Act
- War Securities Exchange Control Act
- War Finance Control Act
- War Emergency Act

Each of these measures is drafted in full, with blank spaces prepared for the insertion of dates and the President's signature. The day we enter war, they will be sped through Congress and to the White House, where a flourish of the pen will make the Totalitarian State a reality. Under their terms, a single individual will control the acts, thoughts, and lives of every citizen.

Of the five proposed measures, one may be offered here as representative. Condensed to its essentials, it reads as follows:

III. WAR RESOURCES CONTROL

Whenever the President shall deem such action to be necessary to the maintenance of the national interest, he shall have power as follows:

(a) With respect to any product, foodstuff, material, real property, or right *declared by him* essential in the prosecution of war, to fix prices at which such product may be bought or sold, whether such transaction be with the Government or *between any other parties whatsoever*;

(b) To close any commodity exchange;

(c) To publish regulations with the force and effect of law for the regulation of the prices at which commodities may be sold; the establishment of rationing in favor of purchasers most vitally linked with the successful prosecution of war; the limitation of commissions collected by commodity exchanges or their agents for any service whatsoever; the elimination of short, long, and marginal selling, and speculation of all types whatsoever;

(d) To prohibit the publication of prices quoted on commodities;

(e) To requisition the physical plant of any commodity exchange, and to requisition all supplies of any such commodities held by any person;

(f) To fix the order to be observed by any manufacturer, producer, dealer, distributor, carrier, public utility, or other person whatsoever, in manufacturing, producing, transporting, distributing, or delivering of any product, foodstuff, material, commodity, real estate, or right;

(g) To regulate or prohibit the purchase, sale, transportation, manufacture, etc., of any product, foodstuff, material, commodity, or real estate;

(h) From time to time, *whenever he shall find it essential* to license the production, manufacture, sale, etc., of any product, foodstuff, material, commodity, real property, or right; it shall be unlawful *for any person to engage in any business* unless he shall secure a license pursuant to this section;

(i) To issue such licenses; and the entry and inspection by *the President's duly-authorized agents* of the places of business of licensees. The President may order the revocation of the license of any licensee;

(j) To requisition any product, foodstuff, material, commodity, real property, or right, and on such terms *as he may deem advisable* to sell or otherwise dispose of such product, foodstuff, material, commodity, etc.;

(k) The President is authorized to create such additional agencies of the Government *as he may deem necessary* to execute the functions authorized under this title, and to appoint and dismiss *at pleasure* such officers and to fix their salaries. Such administrators may make *such expenditures as are necessary* to execute their functions. There is hereby authorized to be appropriated *such amounts as may be necessary* to the execution of this title.

This is a sample of the legislation which will receive immediate Governmental approval at the outbreak of war. Nothing is left to chance; nothing is left to the imagination. The portent may be summed up in one word: Fascism. The whole concept of the national economy, under the IMP framework, becomes totalitarian. Industry is left in the hands of private owners (as in Germany), but they must act and produce as the Government orders — or they will be liquidated. Men, women, and children work for private industry (as in Italy), but only in those establishments stipulated by the Government; they accept the wages set by proclamation and lack the right to strike. Competition is eliminated through the assignment to certain factories of certain functions, which results supposedly in regulated production, at prices frozen by the Government. All the efforts of the nation (as in Japan) are canalized in the most ruthless manner in the interests of military victory.

It does not require an astute person to comprehend that here lies the structure of dictatorship. Its conception follows a familiar pattern imported from abroad; its motivation stems from a school of political thought antithetical to Democracy; its effect upon this

country would be revolutionary.

Yet hardly one American in 10,000 is conversant with the provisions of the IMP, or even aware of its existence. Indicative of this general ignorance is a feature in the June issue of *Scribner's* magazine, presenting a "preview" of advertisements for enlistment in the next war. Evidently the editors fail to realize that there will be no voluntary enlistment in the next war — every able-bodied American will be automatically conscripted. Such lack of knowledge — especially in the editors of a magazine such as *Scribner's* — is a revealing commentary on the state of the public mind.

The essential question before every American today, once he is familiar with the provisions of the IMP, must be: Under such conditions, is any war, short of repelling an actual invasion, worthwhile?

III

Pending in Congress at this writing are four bills supposedly aimed at "taking the profits out of war". Each is so worded as to give the impression that it is an instrument of public good — that its passage will result in the prevention of profiteering and an equalization of the burdens of war. Such objectives are

naturally approved by the public in general, and thus the bills have had varying measures of support, both in Congress and without. An examination of the proposed legislation, however, will reveal that such objectives are not so easily attained as the authors suggest. The bills contain contradictions of fact, logic, and the laws of economics. But each amplifies the march toward Fascism as outlined in the IMP.

The May bill, officially supported by the American Legion and already favorably reported by the House Military Affairs Committee, is the most striking of the four measures. In brief, the bill turns the whole economy of the United States over to the President in the event of war, with a penalty for violators of its provisions of a \$100,000 fine or one year in prison, or both. It is a sweeping, all-inclusive proposal, fully in keeping with the legislation contemplated under the IMP. It calls for personal government of a kind that seems incredible today. It is the most astonishing piece of legislation ever given serious consideration by an American Congress.

The May bill's provisions include the fixing of all wages and prices; regimentation of labor; drafting of all males between the ages of 21 and 31; registration of

every man "engaged in the management or control of any industrial establishment designated"; licensing of all business; and complete control of all Governmental agencies, temporary or permanent.

The Maverick bill is purely a revenue device, and was written by the Treasury Department. In general, the Maverick program aims at taking the profits out of war by confiscatory taxation. Its result, however, would be to abolish overnight the system of private enterprise by abolishing the incentive to earn profits. Mr. Maverick naturally does not emphasize this point, but the implications of his plan are clear. He would provide, for individuals, a straight income tax of 6 per cent, with exemptions as follows: \$500 for single persons, \$1000 for husband and wife, and \$100 for each dependent. There is also a surtax: 10 per cent of the excess over \$3000.01 when income is not above \$5000, and from this point upward, to a \$9880 tax on \$20,000 and 93 per cent of income over \$20,000. It might be wise for the reader of this article to apply these tax provisions to his present income, and then decide whether war would prove salutary to himself and his family.

The provisions of the Nye bill are similar in severity to the May measure, calling for one-man gov-

ernment and giving us a picture of a wartime United States where no individual would have an income of more than \$8720, unless he earned colossal sums. To enforce the provisions of his measure, Mr. Nye proposes that the President be empowered to appoint an administrator or administrators (no limit is set), each to receive a salary of \$10,000 a year — untaxed, of course. These super-bureaucrats would spend public money as they willed.

The Connally measure follows closely the stringent provisions of the Maverick and Nye bills, except that it lowers to \$1000.01 the income on which the wartime surtax is to be imposed, places an impost of \$21,950 on incomes of \$50,000, and takes 80 per cent of all incomes over that figure. The Connally bill also places the normal income tax at 10 per cent, rather than the 6 per cent proposed by Messrs. Nye and Maverick. As for a Fascist war-control program, it is stated in language common to all these bills.

On one essential point, the Nye and Connally measures are more dangerous to the national economy than the May bill. The former give the wartime President-Dictator freedom of Congress in the matter of spending; he is to have free access to the Federal Treasury, with-

out making his accounting to the elected representatives of the people until a later, and perhaps more propitious, date.

This necessarily brief survey of the wartime emergency legislation pending in Congress should serve to bring home one fundamental point — that phraseology and alleged motives are not sufficient to conceal the extraordinary dangers inherent in such proposals. Verbiage which calls for the elimination of wartime profiteering and a “pay-as-you-fight” taxation program strikes an appealing note to Americans who remember the scandals of the World War. But when stripped of verbiage, these measures also propose the elimination of all forms of Democratic government, as well as of all orthodox laws of economics and the system of private enterprise. Is this the price that America is to pay for the privilege of waging a jihad against the dictators of Europe and the Far East?

IV

What you have read so far in this article is a truthful and factual description of America at war — of a nation-in-arms. It has not been necessary to color the picture or to enlist the imagination: the mech-

anism of M-Day is open to public inspection. The day that America declares war, that day will the IMP commence functioning as a soul-less Super-Government. There will no longer be any reason to wire your senator or congressman, or to write a letter to your local newspaper: the time for protest will have passed. On M-Day, you and I will become obedient robots of a giant machine. Our minds, as well as our bodies, will be at the service of an overpowering dictatorship.

It does scant good to point out that the bulk of the M-Day emergency legislation contains (or will contain) a face-saving clause — words to the effect that at the conclusion of hostilities, or shortly thereafter, all dictatorial powers of the President will be relegated in favor of Congress and the people. No adult person in this enlightened age should be deceived by phrases bearing sweetness and light. The history of post-war politics, in America and abroad, is bluntly written. Has Stalin, or Hitler, or Mussolini revealed any inclination to return usurped powers to the people? Has any dictator ever, in the history of the human race?

Finally, the political situation in the United States today should serve to sharpen the M-Day warning to razor keenness. The Roose-

velt Administration, since its inception, has consciously — and publicly — struggled to attain power and more power. In Congress, in the courts, throughout the country, its executives and agents have constantly sought to elevate themselves at the expense of the citizenry. No device of partisan warfare or political propaganda has been overlooked in this struggle; no class, group, or individual has escaped untouched. And yet to date, Mr. Roosevelt has been balked in his major attempts to assume dictatorial powers. His Supreme Court packing plan was defeated by public sentiment; so was his scheme to “reorganize” the Federal Government. The final grand maneuver to take over the country on a one-man basis has so far eluded both his political skill and his imagination.

The M-Day program, therefore, may be considered as a made-to-order vehicle for his political ambitions. Unlike previous attempts to negate certain processes of American Democracy, our Mobilization Plan, if enacted, would cover every phase of national activity — social, economic, and political. A few strokes of the Presidential pen would be sufficient to inaugurate a totalitarian government. Within twenty-four hours,

we would not have a duly-elected Chief Executive — we would have a super-*Führer*.

Already a good portion of the American press, ably supported by Pink Liberals and Radicals, is whooping up a foreign war to Make the World Safe for Democracy — again. (This same American press, as well as all Liberals and Radicals, would be forcibly muzzled immediately upon the declaration of such a war.) Already the Roosevelt Administration has issued overt statements in regard to America's duty as a world policeman. Already Congress has been prevailed upon to appropriate billions for the increase of a "defensive" Army and Navy. Already the American public has been partially conditioned to think that we should strike *now* at the dictators abroad, before they strike at us. Already the nation has taken the first tentative steps toward becoming a nation-in-arms.

Thus it becomes the responsibility of every American to ponder most carefully the implications of M-Day. He should weigh the increasing appeals being made to his emotions to fight for a mythical international slogan. He should realize clearly that in order for the United States to fight a Fascist dictatorship, *it must automatically become a Fascist dictatorship itself*. He should scrutinize every movement of the Roosevelt Administration toward seizing absolute power through the device of crying "Wolf!". Only in the event that the United States *is attacked by a foreign power* should he turn his mind, his body, and his resources to the service of a totalitarian régime in Washington.

Unless he comprehends all these things, and comprehends them thoroughly, the American will awake one day soon to find that his freedom has been traded for a European brand of despotism.



DICTATORSHIP IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

BY DANIEL WEBSTER

I believe the power of the Executive ought to be brought back within its ancient constitutional limits. Good intentions will always be pleaded for every assumption of power. They cannot justify it even if we are sure that they existed.

TWO-THIRDS OF A NATION

By CHANNING POLLOCK

AT CANNES, some years ago, a hundred of us, on a Mediterranean cruise, crowded into a small open boat to return to our ship. The water was rough, and the tender overloaded. Our steamer had taken shelter in the lee of an island, and was not to be seen. Many of us realized that only exceptional seamanship could get us back safely to her side.

Suddenly, and without reason, our helmsman swung the little boat sharply to port. Part of a wave came aboard, wetting everyone, and further burdening the craft. An instant later, we swung as sharply to starboard. What followed was nightmare. For nearly an hour, or until another launch finally came along, we zig-zagged wherever whim dictated; careening, shipping water, momentarily threatened with doom. Our narrow circling deck already awash, no one dared move, and, after a protest that drew imprecations, no one dared speak aloud. Resigned, we sat still, facing death, and whispering to one another that the fel-

low was drunk or mad. Which, we never knew; but, drunk, mad, or merely incompetent, he gave a hundred Americans their first experience of being helplessly, distrustfully, almost despairingly at the mercy of one man.

Unfortunately, it was not to be their last. The state of mind aboard that boat is now the state of two-thirds of a nation — the two-thirds that matter; the two-thirds whose ability, industry, and thrift have kept them from being “ill-nourished, ill-clad, and ill-housed”; the two-thirds at present being remembered only in behalf of the “forgotten” one-third. Rightly or wrongly, with justification or without, from Maine to California, from Texas to Canada, two-thirds of our population believe themselves to be helplessly facing doom at the whim of one man. Wherever they meet, in halls, highways and drawing rooms, there is whispered speculation as to that man. The very fear which he insists is the only thing we need fear, grips these two-thirds in a paralyzing

clutch; their undertones begin to be heard even above the outcry of the idle and indigent.

Yesterday, I attended a public and absolutely non-partisan luncheon at which the speakers were famous people — and every speech expressed fear. Fear of government control of radio¹ and the press. Fear of suppression of the rights of minorities. Fear of the collapse of business, industry, and Democracy. Fear of dictatorship at home and abroad. The utterance most loudly cheered was a warning against the forces that create the totalitarian state. Afterward, on the sidewalk a block or two away, I encountered a friend who sells life insurance. "Not much luck", he said. "People are afraid their money won't be worth anything when they get it. Congress may not remember the effects of currency inflation in Europe, but the average citizen does, and believes we're in for it. Every second prospect tells you about the Austrian who cashed in a twenty-year-

¹ Since this was written, the speech in opposition to government control of radio has brought the usual threat of "cracking down". "The only effective answer," says the Federal Communications Commissioner, "is the long-needed Congressional investigation." Somehow, this footnote recalls those sprinkled throughout Eugene Lyons' book on Russia, in which every second or third mention of a public official is followed by an asterisk and the addendum, "Executed, 1937". There could be no better explanation of the state of mind described in my report.

endowment policy, and, with the proceeds, bought two loaves of bread."

At my bank, ten minutes later, another friend confided, "My balance is nearly thirty thousand dollars. I've no need of the money, and I'd like to invest it; but I'm afraid. You can't tell what's going to happen — and I don't mean business trends. A fellow studies those, and backs his judgment. But now it's not a question of judgment, but of the unpredictable whim of one man. Nobody wants to put funds in a business or in a stock that can be knocked galley-west by a single utterance at a press conference or in a Fireside Chat."

That evening, after dinner, my hostess showed me a photograph of her baby daughter. "I love children," she remarked. "I'd like to have five or six, but, of course, now we shall have only this one." I asked why, and she looked at me in astonishment. "Do you think it fair," she demanded, "to bring children into the world under present conditions? To slave; to be robbed of opportunity and reward by the government; to be taxed, regulated, regimented, and finally blown to pieces in some war between dictators? Would you have chosen to be born if you'd known

what you know now? And it's going to be worse, of course — very much worse."

All this happened yesterday, and it will be repeated tomorrow, and again and again, throughout what was once the freest, happiest, and most prosperous nation on the globe. I have lived fifty-eight years, and never before have I seen people so universally disturbed and depressed. I have traveled in almost every part of the world, and nowhere have I found them more disturbed and depressed than in my own country. Since October, I have been in a hundred-and-twenty-three cities and towns of this country, talking with doctors, lawyers, merchants, chiefs, and found practically every responsible inhabitant worried to death. The average man, who, official pronouncements to the contrary notwithstanding, up to now has been neither out-at-elbow nor down-at-heel, finds himself in a wallowing boat, without faith in the reliability of the steersman, the integrity of the crew, or the ability of the passengers to do anything about it.

II

Five years of Planned Security have brought the greatest feeling of insecurity this commonwealth

has ever known. Rumors, canards, wild stories are the order of the day. As one of the most ardent journalistic advocates of the Administration admits, no newspaper would dare even hint at charges that are almost universally whispered and widely believed. Many of these are absurd; others are demonstrably baseless and unsound. But it is time somebody reported them, and the state of mind they represent, to the end that a leader who deplors fear, immoderate statements, and the creation of bitterness may judge to what extent the country is afraid, and of whom; and how generally he is credited with having made the type of immoderate statement and created the type of bitterness of which he is now the chief victim.

I don't think any of us *want* to be bitter about our President. Up to date, we have been almost ludicrously proud of our nation, its institutions, and its executives. We told good-natured tales of Coolidge's nearness and Hoover's optimism; and even war and the disclosure of official venality subjected Wilson and Harding to nothing remotely like the existing malevolence. Twice elected by overwhelming majorities, beginning with unprecedented opportunities, confidence and affection, Franklin

Roosevelt has become the target of gibes, jokes, gossip, and abuse that circulate in a continent-wide undercurrent. Yesterday's stinging jests at the expense of Hitler or Mussolini are today's fables of Roosevelt. That ancient wheeze about the lad who saved Hitler's life, and was afraid the news would get back to his father, I have heard told of Roosevelt three or four times in a single evening. Every morning's mail brings verses or lampoons. Eleven acquaintances have taken the trouble to copy and send me that hackneyed and blasphemous parody, beginning "Roosevelt is my shepherd; I am in need. He maketh me to lie down on park benches."

These admitted fictions, however, are harmless and kindly in comparison with the alleged facts recited and accepted everywhere. Transparent libels deal shamelessly with the President's private life and domestic affairs. Countless unbelievable stories are widely circulated and believed — tales of conspiracy to bring the nation to such a pass that a new and alien form of government will be unavoidable; circumstantial accounts of mental vagaries ranging from megalomania to those less ordinary and more risky in rulers. Some of the anecdotes are obviously malicious

inventions; the astonishing thing is that conservative and generally-credible men repeat and credit them. More of them are efforts to explain what seems otherwise unexplainable; concrete fables based upon manifest abstract tendencies; little snowballs of reality that have grown into huge, scandalous bulks as they rolled along. In endless resentments, punitive measures, regrettable alliances, and apparently-unreasonable courses of thought and conduct, the President has supplied unlimited cloth for the manufacture of tales, many of which, if they were true, could be known only to Franklin and God.

Whatever their truth or other significance, these tales are eloquent of fear and hatred. This is precisely the kind of murmuring that is going on, more secretly but hardly more venomously and a good deal less generally, in Italy and Russia and Germany. It is largely the murmuring of inconsequential people who have no other means of expression. That seems to me its major importance. Our press may be venal, our public protests may be inspired by Wall Street, but these whisperers are neither Economic Royalists nor Princes of Privilege. They are emphatically little men asking, "What now?"

They are little clerks and school-teachers, small merchants and traveling salesmen who whisper because they are afraid to speak out loud, because they believe themselves headed for ruin and catastrophe, and because whispering is the only thing they can do.

Justified or unjustified, this fear of speaking out loud becomes ever more general. The man in the street has a long memory, and a stubborn conviction as to a great many things he is not credited with suspecting or caring about. He remembers Andrew Mellon, for example; even before Mellon, dead, was completely absolved, the average citizen rated the former Secretary of the Treasury "a high-grade fellow", and felt certain that he had not been guilty of the alleged fraud in his income-tax returns. "Sure, he's on the carpet," the average citizen said; "he's against the New Deal, ain't he?" Whatever his political and economic infantility, he is a wise guy, that man in the street; wise in his generation, and in all generations, and all lands. He hasn't forgotten the Hugo Black seizure of private telegrams, and he is acutely aware that no organization agitating in favor of the Administration has had its officers and records brought

before congressional committees in Washington. The average man isn't quite blind enough not to observe that the same powers that impugned letter-writing to congressmen in opposition to the reorganization bill are now inspiring letters in behalf of pump-priming. He has no illusions as to the motives behind attacks on the press and the Supreme Court. A year ago, when I criticized the President in a lecture before an association of business men in Tulsa, Oklahoma, the first question asked in that forum was, "How long do you expect to be able to say what you have tonight without winding up in a concentration camp?" Nor did the question create the faintest surprise or remonstrance.

III

The general hatred, of course, is born of a combination of fear and helplessness. Few of us hate what we believe we can overcome. Most people believe that no available combination of honesty and intelligence can overthrow the New Deal. They believe that the return to priming the pump — in the current phrase of the man in the street — is only a return to pumping the primaries, and — in another phrase born of the last previous pump-

priming—they feel “you can’t beat five billion dollars”. Further, rightly or wrongly, they take into account the demoralizing effect of the past five years of hand-outs, and the influence of fostered class-consciousness. At Bradford, Pennsylvania, last March, in a second forum, a woman asked my opinion of Roosevelt. When I replied that I thought him “a dangerous man”, the applause was deafening. Later, I mentioned this to a college president as an encouraging sign. My friend shook his head. “It means nothing,” he said. “I doubt that there are fifty thousand intelligent and disinterested persons in this country who wouldn’t have applauded your statement; but, if there were another election tomorrow, Roosevelt would win all the same.”

This is the common conviction, and the most moving reason for bitterness. Lesser reasons are latent in the President’s own history and personality. Many of us find his smile irritating. We liked it in the first few thousand newspaper pictures, but a perpetual grin gets on one’s nerves, particularly when the grinner has just done something to make life more difficult. The same observation applies to the Fireside Chats, that begin by calling us “My friends” and end by calling

us whatever seems most opprobrious. These are mere straws showing which way the wind blows, but it was a straw, you remember, that broke the camel’s back. It is trying to be branded Princes of Privilege by a man who uses the Navy to go fishing. We might be willing to take even less palatable advice as to running our business from someone who, before entering politics, had made a more conspicuous success of his own. We should like to forget government for one day. A nagging executive can be as infuriating as a nagging wife.

Finally, we weary of the innumerable and ubiquitous minor Roosevelts, all sharing the family self-confidence and all wearing the family smile with a fixedness suggesting that the laugh is on us. There is no unanimity as to which of the group is most annoying, but, in a fair election, I think the popular choice would be James We. After all, Father Roosevelt was *born* rich, whereas James has acquired wealth and position somewhat vicariously. Under the circumstances, instruction from James proves more provoking and less humorous than his mother’s counsel on coal-mining and bringing up children. Both adjectives apply to James’ unconscious candor. The country is still debating

whether he says "we" and "our" royally, or editorially, or only as did the famous gentleman with a tapeworm. "Senator Pepper," quoth James, using his influence for that distinguished Floridian, "Senator Pepper has been *loyal* to the Administration. . . . and it is *our* sincere hope he will be returned to the Senate." (The italics are mine.) In unconscious candor, however, James reached tops when, in the course of his belated Jackson Day address at Middletown, he remarked—unless my radio car deceived me—that "the government is doing all *he* can."

Whether or not any or all of this is adequate reason for the admittedly almost unique virulence of a large proportion of our citizens I am unable to judge. All over the country, gentle souls ask, "Why do people hate Roosevelt?" They do not ask whether the hatred is justified, which is a matter of opinion, but why it exists, which is a matter of observation, yielding more replies than could possibly be crowded into a report of this length. Many of the explanations are necessarily complicated, too. Again and again, one hears that the President is "a traitor to his class". But so was St. Francis, and so, in that sense, is everyone who deserts the high road to bestow

alms on the low. The difference, in many minds, is that Roosevelt's philanthropy has not left *him* a penny the poorer; but, on the contrary, has been the means by which he seized money and power. The truth is that a vast number of his countrymen do not believe in the sincerity of their "benign despot". They find it hard to have faith in a leader who, impugning the profit motive, remains, to date, the first President to sell his work to a newspaper syndicate while still in the White House. They are not yet accustomed to idealists who pet the distressed with one hand while building a remorseless political machine with the other. They doubt high-sounding words that habitually tell only half-truths, that often conceal or misrepresent essential facts, and that end in forgetfulness and futility as promptly as did the Chicago threat against dictators when it had distracted attention from Klansman Black's appointment to the Supreme Court.

These are a few, and not even the outstanding reasons for hate. The reasons for fear are inextricably-interwoven, but the fear is far more nearly universal and far more deeply-rooted. Every man in America who possesses anything is afraid. He is afraid of being

robbed, and almost certain of being ruined. His only uncertainty is whether the robbery will be accomplished through taxation, inflation, confiscation, or all three; and whether the ruin will come through further government regulation, government ownership, additional power to labor, unquelled riot, inspired revolution, Collectivism, Socialism, Communism, Fascism, or just Rooseveltism. The better grade of those who possess nothing begin to fear that their situation is chronic and their number increasing. Both groups believe that, if they escape all other perils, they will survive only to be gassed and bombed by some dictator more successful and aggressive than our own.

The result is rapidly becoming utter demoralization and complete paralysis. Effort has slackened, and the investment of capital has practically ceased. The risks enumerated are too many, and there is too little hope of withholding any share of possible reward from a government that has taken 80% of the wholesale price of gasoline, 81% of all railway income left after paying operating costs, and, in ten years, eight million dollars more than steel paid its own stockholders. Whatever that sort of thing leaves the individual is subject to income

tax, inheritance tax, and heaven knows what else. With growing realization that all this comes out of everyone's pocket, no wonder that even the smallest business men and wage-earners become desperate. The appropriation and disbursement of billions is Jovian, but painful to contemplate in terms of labor and savings. No wonder drunkenness is on the increase. No wonder thrift has turned spendthrift. What's the use of saving money that will be taken from you? Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die—or go broke.

Two-thirds of a nation believe themselves to be in the same boat—wholly at sea and, like those tourists at Cannes, at the mercy of one man. It is idle for that man to get reporters out in their night-shirts to tell them that he is unfitted for dictatorship. The average citizen knows that none of the dictatorial powers asked in "emergency" has been relinquished, that there is constant pressure for more power, and constant effort to destroy every possible check and opposition to power.

IV

Happily or unhappily, this doesn't mean that two-thirds of a nation—or, perhaps, even one-half of it—is

prepared to vote against the New Deal. The present proportion is more nearly one-third of a nation bribed, one-third bewildered, and the remaining third furious but futile. As aforesaid, a shockingly large number of Americans are childishy innocent of the first principles of political economy. They still believe that a government can print as much money as its public requires; that they can attain endless and practically effortless opulence by soaking the rich; and, with the tenacity of infants who repeat words without understanding, they still tell you that "Roosevelt is the poor man's friend". There is no possible way of educating these people, since they are unwilling to read and unable to think—but they hold the balance of power. As their fear grows, and their hate is directed, they may destroy either society or their own tutelary gods.

In that lies both danger and promise. Make no mistake, this country is nearing explosion. There

is hope that, as matters grow steadily and inevitably worse, even the mentally as well as financially under-privileged may see that the current monkey-business simply won't work. That depends upon the quality of opposition leadership. If and when intelligent America translates fear and hate into action; if and when it stops jeering and agrees upon a few sound and simple principles; stops orating and organizes; learns the Roosevelt trick of appealing to emotion rather than reason, and of turning misfortune to its own account; then, and then only, there is a real chance of salvation. An awakened America that telegraphs its legislators, enlists Minute Men, joins in a Women's Rebellion, and produces small merchants who speak their minds in Washington, may be almost ready for another Boston Tea Party and another Bunker Hill.

It had better be. If salvation doesn't come soon, there will be nothing worth saving.



PROFESSORS HAVE SOFT JOBS

BY PROFESSOR ANONYMOUS, A.B., A.M., PH.D.

IF YOU are a young man with an IQ of 120 or better, no positive dislike of books, and a personal appearance which is not downright revolting, you can readily become a college professor. There is no other career in the world, unless it be high public office under Democracy, that offers so much for so little. There are thousands of young men in the colleges, chain stores, and filling stations of the land who could, if they but had the foresight, establish careers which would lead to all that any reasonable man has a right to expect of life. I deplore this Dale-Carnegie-Walter-Pitkin tone, but I know whereof I speak: I've been through the mill and have found it good.

I am going to tell you exactly how to become a college professor. But first let me convince you that the job is a soft one, and worthy of much more than the small effort needed to attain it.

It is generally assumed that college teachers are underpaid. That is tommyrot. For the amount of mental and physical energy ex-

pendent, the college professor is better paid than the average lawyer or doctor. Take my own case. At the age of thirty-six I hold the rank of associate professor, and I draw an annual salary of \$5000 for teaching twelve hours a week during a nine-month year. My class preparation, now that I've been through my lectures several times, requires less than an hour a day, and an assistant does all such menial chores as roll-taking and paper-grading. How else could I earn as much honestly, and as easily?

Security of tenure is better than in any other profession lest it be the Army. The American Association of University Professors, the trade union of the teaching profession, has made it extremely awkward for a college to fire a teacher unless he is actually caught drunk, dirty, and with a co-ed on each knee. It's inconceivable to the Association that a man might be discharged for incompetence, as in a railroad office. Tenure and academic freedom are the two great rallying cries of the A.A.U.P., and

the rumor that either is being endangered will make the stoutest college president sweat in fear of an investigation. This union of pedagogues has declared, by formal vote, that the college professor is not as other men: to function properly he is held to require two things—absolute freedom from worry about his job, and freedom from all restrictions on his classroom utterances or writings. The first would be welcomed by any man; the second is a source of satisfaction to countless teachers who never in their lives had a dangerous or striking thought.

The professor's hours of work are also guarded jealously. Let a college be caught working a professor more than fifteen hours a week and the school will be warned about operating an academic sweatshop. There is the amusing yarn about the hick legislator who was appointed on a committee to investigate conditions at a certain state university. "And just how much do you teach, sir?" he demanded sharply of one of the professors who had been summoned before the committee. "Ten hours," replied the nervous pedagogue. "That sounds like a good day's work to me, gentlemen," observed the legislator, excusing the witness.

All self-respecting institutions

encourage sabbatical leaves every seventh year. Under this amiable arrangement the scholar is given his option of release from duty for a full year at half-pay or for a half year at full pay, the idea being that thereby he will have an opportunity to recharge his mental batteries. This huge holiday may be spent in a number of attractive ways. For the young man who is still ambitious, there are libraries to visit and lectures to attend in other institutions; or, if he likes travel, there is always the possibility of wangling money from a foundation for a trip to Europe to observe conditions. Should he interpret the requirement of self-improvement as tantamount to an order to rest intensively, he need only take his ease in some out-of-the-way place. In no event is it considered polite to inquire too narrowly into his plans.

In freedom from responsibility the college professor is as a child. True, he must keep his class hours, and he must not absent himself without good cause; but responsibility for the welfare of others, as in the case of the doctor for his patients, or the businessman for his employees, simply does not exist. He knows that if he misses a lecture or two no one will suffer; he knows, too, that however poorly he

does his job of teaching, he will teach more than his students will ever learn. And it is pleasant to look forward to retirement at 65 on a comfortable pension.

Lastly, he enjoys a certain gratifying prestige. Not so many years ago, the college professor, the silly-ass type of Englishman, and the dumb flatfoot named Cassidy were standard comic characters in the eyes of the American people. That is no more. The Brain Trust, even granting that its net result was to add to the inscrutability of the New Deal, was the first public admission that the college professor might have something on the ball. With spectacular suddenness he was hoisted to a position superior to that of the American businessman. It was a great thing for the profession. The good folk of America no longer consider the college professor to be a seedy, myopic individual with a slatternly wife who has to exercise eternal watchfulness to keep him from scratching his pancake and pouring syrup down his back.

What are the disadvantages of the job, if any? The above sounds too good for an imperfect world. It is. There are men of an adventurous disposition who would doubtless find the monotony of teaching irksome. If you are the type of man

who yearns to fight bulls in the arena or throw bridges across yawning chasms, it is quite possible that you would not care for the quiet, cloistered life of the scholar. This you will have to decide for yourself. Personally, it has never bothered me, as I decided years ago that the business of earning a living ought to be reduced to the simplest possible terms. Not an elevating philosophy, perhaps, but a damned comfortable one to live by. If you think you can crowd your adventures (which, perforce, must be mainly intellectual) into a day interrupted by two, or rarely three, class-hours, you should not let the threat of monotony worry you. Remember, too, that you can compensate for a lot of monotony during the summer vacation.

There will be things in connection with your special duties which will strike you as silly. You will be assigned to committees to study and report on matters which are incapable of solution, such as the old questions of who should be admitted to college, who should be graduated, and what should they study. You'll be drawn into fine-spun discussions that have no more connection with reality than has Surrealism. You'll revise requirements for degrees, tinker with curricula, the grading system, and

you'll prepare memorials for deceased colleagues. You'll be surrounded by ponderous minds which give forth commonplace observations in deep and solemn tones. But I doubt if it will be much worse than a sales meeting, or a typical board conference, or a Service luncheon.

Your personal conduct, too, will be touched. You'll be expected to don your academic robes on certain occasions and troop in processions in which pompous showmanship on an amateur level approaches the ridiculous. Under the theory that you should exemplify for the youth of the land the sturdy American ideals of thrift, hard work, and decency, you'll need to be a little more circumspect in your private life than, say, your barber. But that is about all.

II

Well and good, you say, but who am I to set up as a mental giant and try to become a college professor? I'm just an ordinary person, only a little, if any, brighter than my fellows. Well, for the time being, you'll just have to take my word for it. *You do not have to be a man of greatly superior intellect to be a college professor.* (Ask my wife.) As I said at the outset, an IQ

of 120 is enough, and that is about the rating of the average boy or girl who goes through high school with normal progress. I can show you men of full professorial rank who would be pronounced dull-witted by any method of measurement human ingenuity could devise.

If you can get through a four-year college course with average grades without straining yourself unduly—and that's the way college courses are pitched, so that the average person who goes through high school can handle them—you can go on for a master's degree, and then, if you find it's needed in the field you decide to enter, your Ph.D. It will be grinding, deadening work, and you may drop by the wayside through sheer disgust. But if you can stick it, you can take strength in the thought that, unless you find yourself in some very unusual situation indeed, you can live out a long and useful academic life without ever using your brain again.

Again, I would disabuse you of the notion that you will need to be a great scholar or a great teacher to have a satisfactory career. The staff of my university is typical of most of the better ones. I do not make this assertion hastily; it has been well-pondered and weighed: they are about equally divided

among good teachers, good research men, and those who are neither. There are a few near-geniuses among them, many who have burned tons of midnight oil, but more who took up teaching as a means of following the line of least resistance in a pleasant atmosphere of unreality. Promotion in rank has not selected the good ones exclusively; in many cases promotion can be explained by factors which are not even remotely connected with academic achievement. I'll mention a few cases, for I think they might be helpful.

Case One. Jones, Professor of English History. Recently promoted for outstanding work as a committee man. Began his career with appointment on committee to consider ways and means of improving relationships between University and high schools. Upon receiving their report, President discharged committee with side remark about "collective incompetence". Jones pretty badly cut up for a while but remained on alert for opening. Soon saved face by making brilliant suggestion to committee on honorary degrees which resulted in important gift to university. Promoted to full professorship, at salary of \$7500, following year. Is set for life.

Case Two. Kinsel, Professor of

Classical Languages. Now being groomed for deanship as soon as present incumbent dies or retires. Is famous as a middle-grounder. Has gone Senator Tom Watson one better by never letting himself be caught on *either* side of a question. Hence, has acquired reputation as a man of extraordinary level-headedness. Dull, sleepy drill-master who alienates from classical learning a fresh batch of students each year. No publications since 1907, when he brought out a volume on Roman household pets.

Case Three. McKinnon, Professor of Archacology. Another conceded to be growing in power, which means that his store of physical energy has persisted into middle age. Most energetic man on faculty, could be useful anywhere. Little distinction in his field; still publishing his doctor's thesis, fragment at a time, after twenty years. Promises to bring to a close the question of sewage disposal system in Pompeii.

Case Four. Addington, Professor of Middle English. Opposite of Case Three. Laziest, most shiftless man on faculty. No other distinction, but clever enough to convince authorities that his chronic lassitude is due to heart condition induced by overwork. His dean grants that only a man with the

heart of a lion could carry on at all in his condition, and is careful not to assign any extra work.

Case Five. Brenham, Professor of Psychology. Silver-tongued orator to the American Legion and V.F.W., averages three speeches a week and leaves early each spring to deliver high school commencement addresses. Has for years maintained colony of white rats in his laboratory which so far has produced nothing tangible except more white rats.

Case Six. Warren, Professor of Geology. Gained international reputation as authority on Early Silurian trilobites by snide means. Made trip to Helsingfors eight years ago, to consult young worker in his field. Figuratively, whispered in his ear, with result that shortly after his return, Brenham laid on his dean's desk copy of a foreign journal containing reference to his work. Repaid his collaborator with footnote in his next article. Two international reputations followed.

If the implications from the above are as clear as I think they are, you should have no further illusions about the mental equipment that will suffice for an academic career.

But against the chance that you will now be emboldened to launch yourself as a college professor, I

feel obligated to add a few practical hints for your further guidance. They have helped me.

Keep your personality normal. The day when eccentricity attracted students has passed. They are apt to consider you a damned fool if you act the part.

Decide either to make no public appearances, which is good; or appear on all possible occasions. There are not enough data yet to prove which is the better plan, so I won't take the responsibility of advising you. But, do one or the other.

Appropriate to yourself some special field, no matter what it is, and restrict it. It may very well follow the lead of your master's or doctor's thesis. Above all, and this should be written with letters of fire; restrict it, keep it as narrow as possible, guard it jealously, and don't worry about anything else. If you're a mediaevalist, you won't be expected to know the capital of Argentina. Narrowness and depth are inseparable concepts in the academic world. You can't afford to appear superficial by showing your acquaintance with a wide range of subjects.

Attend faculty meetings faithfully, and show an interest in committee work, thus helping your dean and president in one of their toughest jobs—that of keeping

alive the illusion that the institution is faculty-controlled.

Now a word concerning publications. You will be judged, sometime, inevitably, by your bibliography, and it is well to get started on it while you're still a young man. Here again, you may follow one of two courses—publish in any and all journals that will accept your stuff; or, make it clear that you're not interested in publishing for the sake of a few titles, that you're letting your work *ripen*, and that in due time you will publish a definitive work that will mark an epoch in scholarship.

Personally I prefer the latter method, and I must confess that it has done well by me. In all modesty, I submit that there must be some explanation of the fact that I hold an associate-professorship at the tender age of thirty-six, with a definite promise of full rank next year. Briefly, it is just this: taking my cue from Old Jarvis who died

a few years ago, I undertook a huge portentous piece of research which no reasonable man can expect me to finish in a normal lifetime. It lies in an obscure corner of my specialty, anthropology, and concerns the cephalic indices of a large group of New Mexican Indians who are, by a curious coincidence, within easy access of a dude ranch operated by a friend of mine. About once a year I throw together a brief progress report, taking pains each time of course, to point out that my findings are tentative, subject to correction when the tremendous amount of data I need is complete. So far, I've published five of these, and have received more than my just share of recognition as a man who's earnestly after the Truth concerning the cephalic indices of these charming people. In short, I've shown the scientific world that I'm no piddler.

And the trout fishing in New Mexico is unsurpassed.



AMERICANS: 1938

BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety.

THE "LOST-GENERATION" HOAX

BY FLETCHER PRATT

ONE of the ideas most firmly held by the generation now reaching full maturity is that it does not exist. It even has a name for itself, the Lost Generation, and a legend thereunto appertaining — that the generation lost its birth-right, spiritually and physically, during the World War.

This curious but persuasive doctrine has the advantage of universal convenience. If an ex-service man (two months at Camp Upton) murders his wife in 1938, or a promising soldier-poet continues to offer promise in lieu of performance after two decades, war neurosis is the answer. If the authors, the diplomats, or the pretzel-benders of today seem men of less talent than their fathers, it is because all the bright boys were killed in the war. "The history of music," Deems Taylor said in effect during a recent radio speech, "shows that every musician of great talent has shown strong evidence of genius before reaching the age of forty. But where are our musicians of under forty today? Lying in Flanders or the

Carpathians or along the Isonzo, killed in the war."

It does not seem to have occurred to anyone, however, that an explanation which covers so much ground is suspiciously like the patent-medicine ads of the '90's, which guaranteed the cure of everything from a pain in the neck to galloping consumption out of the same bottle. It does not seem to have occurred to anyone that a statement so sweeping as the one that an entire generation of the world's genius perished on the battlefield demands the most elaborate buttressing of special facts. For statistically the idea is absurd. The number of persons killed in the war reached a total of 8,500,000 by the best estimates, which is a number huge by absolute, but not by comparative, figures; and to suppose that these 8,500,000 included any considerable portion of the world's geniuses is the same as supposing that some other composite group — say the population of Rumania, of Spain, of London, or New York City — should produce

all the artists, writers, politicians, sculptors, chemists, and what-not of the world for a similar period.

Nevertheless, the radio address by Mr. Taylor seems the only effort to place the theory, or any part of it, on an actuarial basis. The bulk of the population simply accepts as axiomatic the statement that the best, bravest, most intelligent, and most useful citizens went to the front and were killed there. Merely to state such a case is to recognize it not as an axiom but as dogma, an act of faith of the same quality and rooted in the same sentimentality as that other dogma which declares that the finger of death in war is inevitably pointed at the finest physical specimens. "Napoleon took an inch from the stature of France."

Now the theory that war produces physical degeneracy of the race happens to have been investigated with some care by no less an authority than Dr. Ales Hrdlicka of the Smithsonian Institution. "We have no scientific basis for the belief that any of the warlike nations of the past have degenerated physically as the result of their wars", he pronounced, and went on to say that if there be any observable tendency it is in the other direction. It is exactly the same with the theory of the Lost Gen-

eration, which turns out to rest on an undemonstrable major premise; does not check with any but the most random facts; and is in violent disagreement with data of far greater plentitude and importance.

II

The simplest method of proving the existence of a Lost Generation would be to produce a list of geniuses killed in the war, either general or specific. But this is precisely what no one has been able to do. Mr. Taylor, in voicing his regrets over the brilliant young musicians killed in the war, failed to supply a single name, and one may fairly assume that if evidence so strongly supporting his thesis had existed he would have presented some of it.

Further, three positive and conscious efforts have been made to show high mortality in the arts without very much more result. These three are a French government publication, *Les Artistes Morts pour la Patrie*; a volume by Maurice Barrés and Ch. Larronde entitled *Anthologie des Écrivains Français Morts pour la Patrie*; and a work from the pen of E. H. Osborn, called *The New Elizabethans*, containing brief but painstaking

ing biographies of English literati who fell in the war.

Nearly all Mr. Osborn's golden lads are minor poets, only two of whom (Rupert Brooke and Alan Seeger) enjoyed anything but local celebrity. His only representative of the drama is Harold Chapin, an actor who part-authored one mildly successful farce; the prose writers are two Oxford dons and Donald Hankey, whose literary output consisted of that highly sentimental war diary, *A Student in Arms*. In other words, the contribution of English literature to the casualty lists is not particularly impressive. *Écrivains Morts pour la Patrie* is a longer list, as one might expect from the fact that the French war dead outnumbered the British by thirty-three per cent, yet it still consists mainly of minor poets, does not include a single figure known to more than a limited circle outside France, and includes as its most prominent members Albert de Mun, Guy Lassaussaie, and Louis Sailhan. *Les Artistes Morts pour la Patrie* contains well over 300 names. But there is a thumbnail biography attached to each, and from these biographies it develops that in a laudable desire to *épater*, the compilers have included in their list of defunct and heroic artists such

practitioners as a businessman who etched in his spare time and a foreman at the Gobelin tapestry factory. Now it happens that a somewhat crude but effective critical estimate of any group of French artists can be made from the number of pictures they sell to the great State museums: and of the 300-odd *morts pour la Patrie*, exactly two had sold pictures to the State at the time of their demise, and none of them has attained the Louvre.

In a sense, though, this demonstration that the published lists of war casualties in the arts show no evidence of lost talent is begging the question. The claim today is that the generation was *lost*; that it possessed capacities never permitted to bear fruit; and the Osborn opus supports this view by listing young men who had not passed their twenty-fifth year, with extravagant adjectives of praise for what they might have done. This view, however, receives a terrific facer from the two French compilations, prepared by persons with no Lost-Generation axe to grind. The average age of the French writers *morts pour la Patrie* is thirty-four, and in a group of about two score it includes nine men over forty and three over fifty, while the 300 artists show an aver-

age age of 35.2. Both groups should have been at the height of their powers, yet they reveal the same general poverty of accomplishment as the English writers.

But this is not all. There is another piece of reflected evidence pointing to the fallacy of the Lost-Generation theory. The World War was not really a world war; that is, its casualties were not distributed proportionately over the whole population of the globe, but were confined to a relatively few nations. If the geniuses, or even a considerable portion of the talents within those nations, had been destroyed, we should expect the non-participating countries to be at present experiencing cultural revivals of some importance. We should find outbursts of genius in Scandinavia, Holland, Spain, Switzerland, which suffered no war casualties, and in Japan, which suffered only 395.

If there be any such explosion in Spain and Japan it has taken one of the oddest forms by which genius has ever sought expression, *viz.*, that of inflicting casualties upon itself. Switzerland has shown no cultural leap; Scandinavia is actually complaining about a lost generation of its own, with no new talents coming along to replace those which bloomed during the

early '20's. The Low Countries present the queerest case of all: Holland, due to be riding the crest of the wave, is in a cultural sense living off the product of German exiles, while exhausted and war-torn Belgium is enjoying the revival the Dutch should have.

The fact can be demonstrated statistically with the Nobel Prize awards as a basis. In the fourteen years from the foundation of the Nobel system to the outbreak of the war, thirty-four of these prizes went to citizens of nations which later became involved in the war and twenty-three to citizens of nations which were to remain neutral. In the fifteen years to 1929, there were fifty-one awards to citizens of the warring nations and twenty to neutrals. In 1930, the Lost Generation should have been nearing maturity; but the Nobel awards from that date to the present are thirty-four to the fighting nations and five to the neutrals. In percentages, the situation can be expressed as follows:

NOBEL PRIZES AWARDED		
	<i>to citizens of nations involved in World War</i>	<i>to neutral nations</i>
1901-1913....	.701%	.299%
1914-1929....	.718	.282
1930-1937....	.871	.129

Thus, as measured by the Nobel awards, the Lost Generation has

produced fifteen per cent more genius in the nations that lost it than either of the preceding generations.

III

Considering the question in a historical light, is it not strange that the World War should be the only one in history to produce a lost generation? The complaint has never been made before; and yet our generation is not the only one to suffer heavy losses. The Persian invasion of Greece saw some extremely heavy fighting, which cost Athens fourteen per cent of her entire citizen body, a far higher proportionate loss than any nation suffered in the World War. The "lost generation" which resulted — after precisely the same time-lag that separates our Lost Generation from the World War — was known as the Age of Pericles. . . . The Lost Generation of the wars of Louis XIV was the generation that produced Corneille, Racine, Molière, and Boileau.

Let us also consider more recent cases. The Napoleonic Wars, including those of the French Revolution, swept over the whole of Europe and produced casualty lists that compare with those of the late unpleasantness. According to the

lost-generation theory, there should have been an observable downswing in the general European intellectual level from 1814 to 1834. Yet the fact is precisely the reverse; this was the age of the great poets in England, the great musicians in Germany, and in France of the school of art which was destined to dominate Europe for nearly a century.

In fact, by whatever route one approaches the question, the conclusion seems inescapable that no great amount of talent was destroyed by the guns of the World War. It is not necessary to deny that there has been a falling-off in literature, music, and other cultural activities since 1918; but there have been such recessions before, entirely unconnected with what has been going on in the political world. To ascribe them to the effect of the war is to commit as great an absurdity as Lord Kingsborough's when he declared the decline of Dutch painting due to an increased diet of fish. All the available evidence tends to show that the production of talent in a nation is entirely unconnected with the wars in which the country engages; and that if there be any specific mark of genius, it is in the ability to keep out of the fighting when a conflict gets under way.

AN APPRECIATION OF HEMINGWAY

BY KENNETH CAMPBELL

"TODAY, children," began Miss Prindle, "we continue our criticism of the great classics of the Post-War Period. Having finished the *Studs Lonigan Trilogy*, I'm anxious now to know what you punks and broads—" Miss Prindle broke into a merry laugh. "It *does* seem the spell of that book lingers! What I mean, my dears, is what do you boys and girls think of Hemingway's *To Have and Have Not*?"

Miss Prindle beamed as her senior class in American Literature poised pencils over notebooks. All fine, clean boys and girls, and so interested in the gems of literature! Looking into the alert faces before her, Miss Prindle chose Henry, her A-student, to open the discussion.

"But before we begin today's assignment, what do you think of the New Hero as compared to the Old—let us say King Arthur or Galahad, for example? Suppose you tell us, Henry."

"The mugs you mention, Miss Prindle"—and Henry's interest

was evident in his eager voice—"ain't to be compared to the New Hero. Arthur and Galahad! Nuts, I say! But Studs and Harry Morgan—they're right guys, they are! They're not always shootin' off their traps about some goddamned ideal, or their strength being the strength of ten because they're pure. There ain't no such tripe about Studs and Harry, and—"

"Thank you, Henry," interrupted Miss Prindle. "You have said enough to indicate that your taste is, as usual, excellent. I wish, however, I could say the same for your grammar. Now, Henry, don't you know *ain't* isn't right?"

"Any punk that's had you for a teacher knows that, Miss Prindle." Henry looked contrite. "But Mr. Farrell . . ."

"Certainly, Henry," Miss Prindle carried on. "In modern times a few illiteracies have crept into the works of our most elegant stylists, and Mr. Farrell is no exception. But I expect *you* to be on your guard. You are forgiven—this time."

Miss Prindle smiled encouragingly at Henry, and turned to the fragile blonde on his left. "And now, Mabel, will you tell us what scene in the Hemingway masterpiece impressed you as being forceful and memorable?"

Mabel was ready. "The bedroom scene, I thought was sweet and poetic, Miss Prindle . . ."

Miss Prindle nodded her approval. Mabel always liked bedroom scenes—her interest in the rape scene in *Studs Lonigan* had warmed Miss Prindle's heart—and Miss Prindle was delighted to have again an assignment that would give Mabel, essentially a shy girl, a chance to express herself.

" . . . but there was one thing," continued Mabel, "I didn't understand, Miss Prindle. What is—?"

"Surely, Mabel," admonished Miss Prindle, "the details of the bedroom scene were clear enough!"

"Oh, yes, Miss Prindle, I got the scene all right. But one word confused me. I didn't understand it. Miss Prindle, what is—?"

"You must not take up more time, Mabel," interposed Miss Prindle, a trifle hurriedly. "Suppose you wait. Perhaps someone will clear up the obscure passage for you."

"It's not a whole passage, Miss

Prindle," persevered Mabel hastily. "It's a word. What is—?"

"Not now, Mabel." Miss Prindle was firm. "It's time to hear from Alice." Miss Prindle already had an idea what had appealed to Alice, the one of her girls most given to the study of correct manners.

"The scene between Harry and his wife at the table," recited Alice, confirming Miss Prindle's prognostications, "touched me deeply, Miss Prindle. His language was forthright and masculine, and his old woman should not have reproved him. Emily Post and her artificial rules of conduct could learn a lesson or two from Harry, by God!"

"A very keen observation, Alice," commended Miss Prindle. "If Hemingway influenced all his readers as felicitously as he does you, dining-room conversation would once more become a matter of intellectual importance. There is no reason, just because one is eating, to—"

"That's what I tell the bastards that nicey-nicey me, Miss Prindle!" exclaimed Alice vehemently. "Only last night I had to tell my old woman—"

"What you remarked to your mother, my dear child, belongs in the class on Parent Psychology, not American Literature." Miss Prin-

dle smiled reassuringly at Alice, then steeled herself for a disagreeable duty: for she must now call on Johnson. And Johnson was often dull to the point of exasperation. His grades had declined consistently after the class had passed the early works of Mary Roberts Rinehart.

"What have you to say about Hemingway's masterpiece, Johnson?" Miss Prindle's smile expressed only a wintry hope, for even the absorbing chronicle of Studs Lonigan had failed to arouse Johnson from his intellectual lethargy.

Amid the apprehensive stares of his classmates, Johnson slowly drew his backbone from near-horizontal to near-vertical.

"I think the book is dirty," he said.

Miss Prindle jumped perceptibly. Johnson was dull, but surely not *that* dull!

"Johnson, I must have misunderstood you. I thought you said *dirty!*"

"*Dirty* is the word, Miss Prindle."

A series of catcalls came from the aroused class. But even after order had been restored, Miss Prindle was pale. She swung courageously into action, however.

"Johnson, surely you will admit

you have chosen the wrong adjective! *Dirty* to be applied to this book in which Hemingway has created by far his most thoroughly consistent character — Harry Morgan, hard, ruthless, implacable in his lonely struggle!" (Goddamn the little bugger, she thought, I'll give him the works; he can't hold out against the opinions of the best critics in America, the goofy-brained little punk!) "*Dirty* — Hemingway's first book about his own people? *Dirty?*"

Miss Prindle's spirit suddenly sagged. Why waste words on sheer stupidity, as well as possible ignorance? "Have you *read* the book, Johnson?" she probed maliciously. "If so, what makes you think it dirty?"

Johnson's reply was elliptic but definite. "Lot of dirty words, the same I got whipped for when I used to write them on the walls in the can."

Never had Miss Prindle faced such a crisis.

"Of course, Johnson," she pronounced coldly, "you have, as usual, approached a work of art with the wrong sort of attitude. You misunderstand entirely Hemingway's purpose. He does not employ the words you have in mind as bad boys do when they write on — well, walls! Heming-

way allows himself a manly freedom in diction. Perhaps you do not know, Johnson — yes, I'm rather certain you do not — that Hemingway is considered by sensitive readers of solid literature to be the most masculine of our present-day writers!"

Miss Prindle rested. If the little sissy wanted to brand himself as opposed to masculinity . . . Miss Prindle censored her thoughts in an audible snort.

"No more masculine than feminine," declared Johnson, unwitting of the large F Miss Prindle was jabbing down in her grade-book. "Little girls write the same words as little boys, and get whipped for them, too. And maybe bigger girls, Miss Prindle. Why, Mary Fibbins told me only the other day that the lady teachers called her in and asked if she knew who had been writing in the —"

"Class dismissed!" screamed

Miss Prindle. She was too shaken to carry on. The very idea of Johnson daring to say that Hemingway's virile diction made him no more masculine than feminine!

"But Miss Prindle," shouted Mabel above the noise of the excited class, "I still don't know what is —"

"Ask your physiology teacher," Miss Prindle shouted back. From what she knew of Hemingway, she felt certain this could not be a totally unproductive suggestion.

"I'll tell you, Mabel," cried out Tom Watkins, placing his arm helpfully around the agitated girl. "Just ask me the word."

Miss Prindle strained herself to hear, but the definition was lost to her as Mabel and Tom passed laughing through the doorway.

Miss Prindle relaxed. "Dear children," she murmured; "how literature *does* give them interests in common!"



THE CURRENT CROP OF POLITICIANS

BY WALT WHITMAN

Are those really Congressmen? are those the great Judges? is that the President? Then I will sleep awhile yet — for I see that
These States sleep.

THE END OF AMERICA

BY T. HARRY THOMPSON

FROM the roof of a great automotive plant in Detroit, the noon whistle sounded—at ten A.M. Five short blasts and one long, like the frenetic screams of a sinking ship's siren. Workmen looked from one to another, murmured in undertones. What now? Fires were pulled from under boilers. Rheostats were snapped to "off" position. By prearranged signal, foremen mounted saw-horses, benches, and other elevations. The murmuring died in a diminuendo. The shop-bosses were speaking: "We are closing down—for good. Get your pay and go home. That's all."

In a giant steel mill at Pittsburgh, an overhead crane ground to a stop in its toothed rack. The operator left his cage, came down the steel ladder hand-over-hand to the foundry floor. Switches were pulled, open-hearth furnaces cooled, pneumatic chipping-hammers tossed aside. The foremen said their say. The exodus began. At last the trickle of men through the gate ceased. A sign was hung

upon it, simple and foreboding: CLOSED.

In an open stretch just east of Dayton, a crack express-train rolled to a stop with a screech of brakes. The fireman pulled the live coals from the fire-door, left it open. The engineer opened a steam-cock to let the pressure drop. Both clambered from the cab, dropped to the cindered ballast beside the right-of-way. To questioning passengers, the conductor said: "The railroad is going out of business. This is the last run."

All over the United States, similar scenes were being enacted. It was as though some giant hand had pulled the master-switch of industry. Ships, hawsered to their wharves, discharged their crews, drew their fires. Newspaper presses rumbled to a stop. Elevators in skyscrapers poured their last human loads into the streets, already boiling with bewildered crowds. As afternoon wore on, street-lamps and those in stores and houses failed to announce the evening. The utilities, too, had closed down.

In every city, town, and hamlet, a strange fear clutched at people's hearts. They milled and muttered, pressed and prayed.

Then, like a voice from afar, the cause of it all came clear upon the consciences of men. Like a herald of Doom, the voice said, so that all might understand:

Business and Industry have been hamstrung, harried, plundered for the last time. This is not a strike of

Capital. It is surrender! You have sold your birthright for bread and circuses. You have put your faith in politicians and labor-racketeers. Very well. Let them take the wreckage and do with it as they will. Business and Industry are through, finished, fed-up, washed-up. You were warned, and you have made your choice. There is no alternative.

This is The End.



ADVICE TO THE NEW DEAL WIZARDS

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

Our rulers will best promote the improvement of the nation by strictly confining themselves to their own legitimate duties — by leaving capital to find its most lucrative course, commodities their fair price, industry and intelligence their natural reward, idleness and folly their natural punishment — by maintaining peace, by defending property, by diminishing the price of law, and by observing strict economy in every department of the state.

RADIO HORROR: FOR CHILDREN ONLY

BY WORTHINGTON GIBSON

COME five o'clock every week-day afternoon, millions of American children drop whatever they are doing and rush to the nearest radio set. Here, with feverish eyes and cocked ears, they listen for that first carsplitting sound which indicates that the Children's Hour is at hand. This introductory signal may be the wail of a police siren, the rattle of a machine-gun, the explosion of a hand grenade, the shriek of a dying woman, the bark of a gangster's pistol, or the groan of a soul in purgatory. Whatever it is, the implication is the same: Radio has resumed its daily task of cultivating our children's morals—with blood-and-thunder effects.

The horrendous programs which clutter the ether from 5 to 6 P.M. cover a wide range of topics, but the theme of most is similar. Emphasis is placed on gore and violence: the other ingredients necessary to dramatic continuity are presented merely as camouflage. Some of the program heroes are Texas rangers, some are cowboys,

some are G-men, some are police officers, but one and all are occupied with the business of shooting their antagonists in cold blood, or laying plans to commit mayhem at the first opportunity. Somewhere a criminal's gun is being aimed, somewhere a smuggler's plane is crashing, somewhere a village bank is being robbed, somewhere a pirate boat is sinking, somewhere a bestial war is raging. Utilizing playscripts which are as ingenious as they are vicious, the heroes—and heroines—of the Children's Radio Hour hammer home the message of terror upon the sensitive minds of our younger generation. The results of such ceaseless bludgeoning are apparent to any casual observer of today's juvenile mind. With the aid of radio, we are doing our best to breed a race of neurotic impressionables.

The fact that children enjoy listening to blood-and-thunder thrillers is not remarkable; indeed, their parents spend considerable time listening to "adult" programs but a notch removed. The funda-

mental evil of the current trend is that children, being immature and inexperienced, have no opportunity to exercise choice in the matter. From their earliest days (having been born in the enlightened Radio Era) they have harked to horror on the air; it is impossible for them to realize that there might be an alternative. Hence they flock to the radio each afternoon in the manner of urchins chasing a fire engine. In fact, many of them consider listening to the radio a duty—a responsibility taking precedence over lessons. After all, school books are dry things. Why spend your time studying grammar when you can hear a prison siren wowl or a Dillinger's gun roar?

Behind the juvenile radio racket hangs an aura of commercialism, placed there by the program sponsors. At least once a day, each child is told to send three cents (six cents, ten cents) in stamps to the sponsor, in return for which he will receive a voodoo ring, an Oriental poison box, a police whistle, a sheriff's badge, or perhaps an up-to-date burglar's kit. For two box-tops of Puffsies, he wins a rubber dagger; three empty cartons of Boopsies bring a hand grenade (quite harmless, of course). And if the child is especially precocious, and drinks a cup of good rich vita-

min Glug with every meal, the sponsor will reward him with a fascinating dictograph device, with which he can perhaps listen in happily on his parents' squabbles, after dark. To date, few radio sponsors have offered gadgets possessing appreciable educational value. The bulk of the gewgaws savor of crime, violence, or skulduggery. Perhaps the distribution of these trinkets will make for a sturdier and more virile Young America; but the parents who observe such junk arrive in the morning's mail have a right to remain skeptical. It is difficult to understand how a pirate's mask or a *papier-mâché* Tommy gun can stir cultural longings.

Nevertheless, there is a school of parental thought which dismisses the juvenile radio problem with a smile. "Boys will be boys," they say. Or: "When we were young we read Nick Carter and Deadwood Dick, and it didn't blight our lives." But such arguments are as unsound as they are mendacious. The radio, by its power to play on the ear with horror effects, exercises a far stronger influence than did the dime-shockers of the 'Eighties. Moreover, in those days, such moralistic *littérateurs* as G. A. Henty, Horatio Alger, and Oliver Optic were on hand to

ameliorate the shock. Today's radio gives virtually no respite. Each day, come 5 o'clock, the same bloodcurdling broadcasts gurgle through the loudspeaker.

Nor is it helpful to point out that parent-teacher groups, educational associations, faculty organizations, consumer councils, and other civic units are conducting surveys of juvenile radio programs with an eye to "improving" the situation. A thousand indignant protests will avail nothing. Our radio-conscious children want blood and gore—they've been reared on it. And the sponsors are determined that as long as hack continuity writers and ham actors can grind out drama—and as long as children will send in three cents (six cents, ten cents) wrapped in a Plopsie wrapper—just so long will they work the horror-program racket.

A New York doctor recently reported on the case of a youthful patient who suffered from "night terrors". Each night the boy would awake, sweating and screaming, his face contorted, his muscles stiff. After essaying various treatments without success, the doctor cross-

examined the child. The boy appeared reluctant to discuss his case. Finally he confessed that some weeks earlier, he had listened to a children's radio program which involved a corpse, two ghosts, a haunted castle, and an ogre-like monster with one flaming eye. Each night as he lay in bed, the boy disclosed, his last waking thoughts dwelt upon the monster. The result was a nightmare of the most virulent type—mentally and physically harmful. . . . Was it for this that Marconi invented the wireless?

In the face of much more evidence of this type, and despite all the high-sounding words, erudite protests, and educational analyses, the Children's Hour sponsors stick grimly to their guns. They are out to win friends and influence kiddies.

Of course there *is* one guaranteed cure for the whole business: one conclusive and irrevocable way to end this curse upon your children's minds. That is to toss your radio set out the window. But who ever heard of a freeborn American doing such a thing as that?



WHY WE HAVE FARMERS

By FRANK MONEY

EVER since the first farmer struck his hoe into the soil, he has found the going tough. This is so well understood that, outside the farm fraternity, farming as an occupation ranks at zero. The piles of manure to be forked loom too large, white shirts soil easily, and sweat runs all day. But there are also other deterrents. In an age that worships an adequate effortless income, leisure, diversion, and the latest gadgets of animal comfort, no one rushes to become part of a community where seven homes out of eight are without electricity, twelve out of thirteen without bathrooms, six out of seven without piped water; where steam heat is a rarity and telephones are available to one family in three; where there are no subways or taxis, and the nearest take-off is a bus stop five miles distant; where the only entertainment is canned or self-supplied, and night life is a thing one reads about. Nevertheless, a new farmer is born every minute and the old ones give no evidence of relinquishing the plow. Naturally,

one asks why these people stick to a job that no one else wants.

But the farmer took his job with open eyes, fully aware of the possibilities elsewhere. There was a time when he knew little of what transpired beyond his own bailiwick, but those days are gone, along with the ingenuous farm lass. Radio, the movies, and the automobile have narrowed the gap between city and country. The farmer sees the same movies as the city slickers, listens to the same radio programs, and invades by automobile the urbanites' own stamping ground. Yet he continues to live on the farm, and his decision can be attributed only to preference. There are thousands of the younger generation of farmers who know what it is all about. They come from prosperous farm families and have had the advantage of a college education and the opportunity to enter any pursuit of their choice. There are also thousands of others who left the farm at an early age, made money for a few years, and then returned as soon as they had saved enough to

buy a piece of land. Millions more have never left because they had no wanderlust urge.

What holds them to the soil? Well, there are numerous conceptions of farm life never obtained behind a plow. The majority of urbanites, at some time or another, entertain a notion of someday sinking into a lovely rural paradise. They dream of an idyllic mirage. Birds sing every day in the year and flowers thrive in the snow. The inevitable trout stream is always near and always full of fish. By some miracle, the garden is ever green with vegetables, and each morning the cow leaves a bottle of cream on the back step before ambling out to pasture. Labor? Nature is bountiful. But these dreamers never conceive of becoming farmers—they merely think of Living in the Country. When the time eventually comes to take the step, dumb instinct rescues them; they cling to their old jobs and old modes of life.

At the other extreme is the picture disseminated by a popular brand of fiction. Here the farm family is a slave-gang driven from sun to sun by a sour, taciturn *paterfamilias* who sets the pace in a losing battle against wind, weather, pestilence, and perverse drops in the market. Inevitable

catastrophe nullifies the mortgage-lifting crop, and the family, with bowed head, renews the futile cycle of toil and hardship. This etching belongs in the same second-hand bookshop with the lyrics of the pale pastoralist, who visualizes farm life as a palpitant interlude with the blushing violet in the dell.

To the farmer, the farm is merely his choice of a place to live and work. He believes, barring acts of God, that he can coax a living from the soil for himself and family, and in good times bank a little or obtain a few simple luxuries, perhaps a bathroom or an automobile. Most of the time his work is a grind and he wishes that he had any other job, but since he does not know how to better himself, he sticks to the soil, following the familiar human pattern.

His interest in the farm perhaps began the day he was old enough to creep up to a calf or crawl among a litter of pigs. His initiation in farm work started almost immediately afterwards, as soon as he had the strength to carry a jug of water to his father in the field or could be trusted to tote a basket of eggs. By the time he had reached the age that others begin apprenticeship in a trade or profession, he was virtually master of his own. Unless farming was entirely uncongenial,

what is more logical than that he should continue, rather than start at the bottom in something that he knew nothing about?

Scarcely anyone is insensible to the pull of the out-of-doors, but it means far less to the farmer than is commonly supposed. Many farmers are brutal with their animals, and the majority are callous. Furthermore, when a farmer cocks his eye at a sunset, the chances are 100 to 1 that he is not marveling at its beauty, but is speculating on whether the clover will get wet next day. You never see a farmer stop on an urban street to pat a dog or rub a horse's nose, nor does he hustle off to a city park to stare at flowers and trees. All that is old stuff to him. Yet he swears that he'd be damned if he'd live in the city. When he finds himself confined on every side by men and man-made things, he is unmistakably homesick. The thing he misses most is the freedom of the farm.

This feeling goes back a long way to very old foundations. As a people, none of us is many generations removed from the farm, and in the days when America was predominantly agricultural the nation was notorious for its love of freedom. Under urban influence, however, freedom has virtually disappeared except in distinctly ru-

ral sections, where it may be viewed as making a last stand: the farmer today enjoys a freedom that exists nowhere else and which extends to his business, his home, and his public relations. He has no customers to humor, no appointments to keep, no front to maintain, no people to impress. Surrounded by his own acres, his home and his business are as impregnable as a feudal castle. From childhood he has become reconciled to the idea of working for little or nothing, and he is not resentful so long as he can make a living. He automatically accepts the situation as one of the limitations of his occupation, as much as the industrial worker accepts the time-clock and the Boss — two pills the farmer does not have to swallow.

And right here is possibly the most attractive aspect of his job. While the rest of the world is marching to the tick of a clock and the crack of a whip, the farmer pursues the leisurely tempo of his ways, going and coming as he likes. He may put in long hours, but he is working on his own enterprise, which always takes the sting from toil. And he is not in perpetual motion. There is always an off-season between harvest and the next planting when there is little to do except catch up loose ends. In the case of

the wheat farmer, the lay-off is nearly half the year. Even the dairyman, who is held closer to routine than any other type of farmer, has a few hours during the Winter in the middle of the day when he has nothing more pressing to do than hook his heels on the kitchen stove and speculate on the best way of swapping the black-and-white kicker without disrupting a neighborhood friendship.

II

If you meet the American farmer personally, you find that he is about forty years old and the father of three to five children, some of whom the city will eventually claim. He is neither genial nor communicative. Furthermore, he is unpleasantly independent, frequently to his own disadvantage—as in community and business enterprises. But all charges to the contrary, he is no simpleton; he can hold his own with the general run of the mill. If he is slow on the pick-up, it is because the farm places no premium on superficial smartness. The farm taught him patience, industry, and perseverance—not flamboyant qualities, but ones which always produce better-than-average results.

Politically, the farmer is on the

fence, but almost invariably most of his weight leans to the Republican side. True, he is a laborer, but he is also a capitalist with holdings running into some fifty billions of dollars. This leaves him in somewhat of a quandary, but being conservative he generally swings to the side of capital in the interests of his property. It is only in hard times that he switches his allegiance to the something-for-nothing demagogues.

He inclines toward suspicion of his fellows because he mingles so little with them, and he is superstitious in the presence of the Infinite because his success or failure is fundamentally dependent upon the forces of creation—the sun, the wind, and the rain. Consequently, he is nearly as bad as the gambler who plays a hunch or works out a system on the basis of one lucky shot. Quite often he will get in a lather unless he can plant within a few days of a certain period of the moon, and not infrequently he follows the calendar similarly in servicing his farm animals.

He is apt to depend more on hard work than research; experience more than scientific data. He is often justly accused of being unbusinesslike, but he should not be condemned too hastily. Many prob-

lems of the farm are not easily resolved into the industrial framework. If he overproduces, it is because there is no one to tell him how much his competitors will produce or how much the weather will increase or decrease production. If he piles his products on a glutted market, it is because he has not learned how to meet pressing financial obligations without money or how to make an apple hang on a tree beyond its time. And when he neglects to record the details of his daily transactions in a ledger or to delve into the intricate laws of economics, he may ask his critics if they have ever worked twelve to sixteen hours daily at hard labor and what they would do at the end of the stint if they did not fall into bed.

His family life is enviable for its tight, strong bonds. It results from close association of home and business. Generally, he is in and out of the house all day. Invariably he is

home for the three meals, and usually he spends his nights at home. If he goes out, his wife and children go with him. The whole family has a common interest and enthusiasm, the Farm, and all work together. They know of the drudgery, the sweat, the disappointments, yet they are eager to cling to the soil.

Looking now at this man and his family, you see not only a person who is more nearly his own man than any laborer or capitalist, but one who has achieved that age-old twin ambition of humanity—he owns his own home and his business. Unwittingly he has adopted a philosophy that New Dealers in their expansive moments advance for others but never experiment with themselves: he has learned that work is not the worst thing in the world, nor money the most important. All things considered, it is hard to believe that some thirty million American farmers can be wrong.



IN REFERENCE TO JOSEPH STALIN

BY KARL MARX

Ce qu'il y a de certain, c'est que moi je ne suis pas Marxiste.

ENEMIES ARE VALUABLE

BY JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY

THE evolution of man was not a triumphal march towards bliss. Like the evolution of every other creature it entailed losses as well as gains. Gaining fire, clothing, and cod-liver oil, man lost much of his natural resistance to cold. Gaining cookery and a variety of gastric delights, he lost much of his natural aptitude for digestion. Gaining an elaborate system of defense, he lost many of his natural enemies. Of all his losses, he regrets the last one least, although he suffers from it most. For history shows that the elimination of enemies has not alone furthered the conveniences of human life, but has furthered the destruction of its safety as well.

For a billion years the economy of the world had been shaped to a simple plan; and any system which had worked so effectively for so long a time could hardly have been without merit. Its merit, however, was not such as to appeal to a creature so unusually moral as man: no creature with a sense of justice could willingly submit to Nature's

arrangements for her children — arrangements which, because living is synonymous with eating, are notably hard and crude. At their hardest and crudest they provide expedients which are far more terrible than mere murder for self-preservation. Among other things, they provide that the cat shall not only kill the mouse for nourishment but shall also torture it for fun. They provide that young whelks shall be born in sealed capsules where their only possible food is one another. They provide that the bee-killing wasps shall murder their victims merely for the honey in their crops. The theme of multitudinous daily lives about us is war without mercy. Hence, to appreciate the uniqueness of human warfare, we have only to inspect the brand of warfare it replaced.

The lives that each day go down the collective gullet of the animal kingdom are beyond computation. A single pound of codfish is a memorial to the passing of millions. Ten pounds of sea snails must be eaten by a cod to make that pound

of codfish. Each pound of snails in turn is the product of ten pounds of worms, and each pound of worms the product of ten pounds of microscopic organisms. Before the codfish can appear on a platter, more than half a ton of living flesh must be destroyed.

Such a nutritive sequence illustrates not only how murderous the business of existence is, but also, paradoxically, how that business can succeed in spite of its being so. With the sole exception of modern man, every animal that ever lived has occupied its appropriate niche in one or more of these sequences. Food chains are the economic framework of society at large. However defective they may be morally, mechanically they are almost perfect. They have prevented society these many eons from tearing itself to pieces.

All animals exist in a deluge of physical, chemical, and biological influences, but no two species make precisely the same adjustments to precisely the same storm. Two adjustments of a general nature, however, are mandatory upon all. All animals (again with the exception of modern man) must adjust themselves to a supply of food on the one hand, and to a supply of enemies on the other. Through the establishment of these two relation-

ships the links in the food chains are forged.

A common characteristic of these chains is that the links increase consecutively in size. The size of an animal's food, in other words, is apt to be a little smaller than the animal, and his enemies are apt to be a little larger. Certain obvious exceptions to this rule come easily to mind. Most plant-eating animals are not inhibited by food which is larger than themselves. Plants are notoriously weak in reprisal and slow in retreat, and animals are notoriously devoid of a sense of sin. Excepting such fastidious specialists as the seed-eating birds and the honey-sucking insects, the smallest herbivores will attack the largest trees with impunity.

Certain carnivores, too, may take on adversaries larger than themselves, but like the herbivores they do so only because they are reasonably certain of success. In every known case of this sort there is some special adaptation which gives the smaller animal the advantage. Thus it is that snakes and weasels, who can paralyze their prey with poison and fright, respectively, can also be smaller than their prey without danger to themselves. Other animals increase their effective size by hunting in groups. Predatory bands of such small ani-

mals as the driver ants of Africa and the tiger-fish of the Amazons can master opponents many times larger than their individual selves.

Just as a few animals step upward towards food which is considerably larger than themselves, a few step downward towards food which is considerably smaller. The corpulent whale-bone whale, for example, subsists on crustaceans that are almost too small to be seen. But just as stepping far upward normally increases the risk of violent death, stepping far downward normally increases the risk of starvation. Excepting at the surface of the sea, excessively small food is only periodically available to the larger animals. Most of them as a result are restricted to food which is just slightly smaller than themselves.

Gradation in size is only half the requirement for a food chain. Gradation in number is the other half. The chain that led to the pound of codfish consisted of creatures that were progressively larger in size and at the same time progressively fewer in number. This is the normal condition throughout the living world. Unless the number of creatures decreases as their size increases, their food chains must collapse. There must be, for example, fewer foxes than rabbits

in a given region as long as the former depend on the latter for food. Should the reverse come to pass, the rabbits would disappear by murder. Unless they could find other suitable food, the foxes would disappear by starvation or migration. Without enemies to whittle down their numbers to the measure of their food supply, most species would breed themselves into the grave.

The dire effects of losing one's enemies were recently demonstrated by the deer of the Kaibab National Forest in Arizona. The government in Washington sent specialists to destroy the cougars. Freed of this embarrassment, the deer multiplied luxuriantly until they were cropping all the edible vegetation in the forest before the snows set in. As the snow grew deeper the deer grew thinner and gathered around ranch houses to beg for food. Before this finest herd of deer in the country was destroyed by its own fertility, the guardians in Washington, D. C., let loose on them an enemy quite as effective as the original cougars. They opened the forest to hunters. Very soon thereafter the herd was reduced to a size commensurate with survival.

If what happened to this food chain in an Arizona preserve

should happen simultaneously to all the food chains in the world, society would collapse. Fortunately, the Guardian of this larger preserve is not apt to make such a mistake. He will doubtless continue to protect the order of the world through war, and the welfare of the species through an appropriate quota of enemies.

II

The wars of animals, however, are almost wholly interspecific, conflicts between species whose food requirements are unavoidably antagonistic. Members of the same species who share the same environment and require the same kind of food and mates, commit occasional individual murder among themselves. But unlike men, they are not also addicted to group-murder.

Modern imperialism is apt to get credit for the unique achievement of human warfare, but its roots go very much deeper than that. They go down to man's earliest mammalian ancestors. Judged by their teeth which have survived them, those arboreal brutes were not fussy about their food. They avoided the prejudices of such narrow-minded feeders as tigers and cows. They apparently lived

on insects when they could catch them, and on nuts, fruits, and leaves when they could not. Those of their descendants that led to man were presumably not any fussier, because man is the most versatile feeder that ever lived.

The full flower of this versatility could not appear until sometime after the human hand was free. When the ancestors of men swung down from the trees, they entered a region of new delights which was also a region of new dangers. They had to perfect their cunning before they could appease their cupidity. Until clubs and stones were conscripted to the support of muscles and teeth, men had to be content with discretion as a policy, and with their more gentle neighbors as food.

Through the perfection of hand-wielded weapons and tools, man was able to throw off these restrictions. He greatly increased the size of his food by adding large animals to his diet. With the domestication of grain, he added seeds, a food much smaller than any he had been able to rely on before. He thus became the first species capable of using food of practically all sizes and varieties, the first to throw off completely the ancient shackles of the food chain. He became the first species with a prospect of enjoying

his food in peace, free both from annoying competitors and dangerous foes. But he also became a freak — an omnivorous creature with the blended instincts of lion and lamb, but without the checks that Nature normally imposes upon these instincts.

As a lamb he lacked the outer check of enemies, and as a lion the inner check of relative infertility. He became simultaneously the fiercest and most prolific creature on earth. Unlike the deer of the Kaibab Forest, he had no Guardian to balance his biologic budget. He accordingly balanced it himself by setting his own ferocity against his own fecundity. He became the enemy of himself. Compared in malignity with his newer foe, his older foes were friends.

It is a perennially-popular belief among men that war, in von Moltke's famous phrase, is "part of God's world order", the price men pay for having been descended from beasts. The belief is not without a certain practical worth. It furnishes a spurious justification for

the few who profit by war and a spurious nobility for the many who lose. But the truth is that war as men wage it is the price they pay for being human. It is the tax levied by the criminal and the weak on the decent and the strong.

It is, in short, the penalty for disobeying the law of natural selection. Man is the only species that lacks a mechanism for eliminating the habitually anti-social and the congenitally weak. He is the only species that can deliberately cherish and promote its own deterioration. He is the only species that is driven by the hot cruelty of sentimentality and the cold cruelty of greed into war upon itself.

The group-murder of men by men is strictly man's own invention. Unlike the warfare of all other species it has no value for the species at large. It has, however, inestimable value for dictators and fools. Through them, mankind has been able to make its unique contribution to the social economy of the living world.



SUBSCRIBERS TO THE NEW DEAL

BY EDMUND BURKE

The people never give up their liberties but under some delusion.

SO I JOINED THE UNION

BY A WORKINGMAN

THE MERCURY has investigated all the facts set forth in this article and is convinced of their accuracy. The names used are fictitious, but every incident recorded actually took place recently in an important industrial city.

I SUPPOSE you would say that the union came in to our factory because the men wanted it. But nobody has ever told how the union got its members. If the men signed up “voluntarily”, my dictionary is wrong.

I didn’t like unions. I had seen something of them years ago in the coal mines and the steel mills. I had had to go to a business agent and buy a job, and I’d paid him to keep my job. And I couldn’t see why I had to. But I did. I had to keep the business agent in clothes and cigars — or I wasn’t allowed to work.

In the second place, I didn’t see any reason for a union in our plant. We got top pay, good working conditions, free insurance, and vacations with pay after five years. The company wasn’t hardboiled. If anything, it was too easy. What I mean is this: There are good work-

men and poor workmen. There are men who go about their business and do a good day’s work every day, and get along with everybody. And there are men who are slack on the job, careless, always shooting off their mouths, borrowing money from the other men and not paying it back, getting into trouble outside the shop over liquor or women or gambling. When the union came along, too many of these fellows went in to suit me. Also, a number of men who had been promoted to supervisors and had fallen down on the job and been put back on piece-work and been sore at the company ever since, were top men in the new union. I have seen too many cases where these fellows were the worst trouble-makers. They think it is their chance to get even with the company.

The union didn’t appeal much

to the good workmen in our plant. Those I talked to — and I talked to a lot of them — didn't like the men that were running it, didn't see any reason for it, didn't know where the money went, had no way of finding out. Maybe we were wrong, but we figured that whether a man joined or not it was his business, and that if this was a free country, no one could make a fellow join a union if he didn't want to.

What happened? Most of us joined the union. Why? Listen:

The strike, of course, started the nightmare of the next twelve months. I never saw so many strangers as I did up and down that picket line. Money came in from Washington, and a lot of high-powered orators and organizers came from everywhere. They held mass-meetings and talked about grievances, and what crooks the officers of the company were, and about the money they were making off of us. They had their pictures in the paper and a lot of articles, and they talked on the radio. They brought coal miners up from West Virginia and all the riff-raff in town, fed them and put them on the picket line. The WPA was a big help, too: they'd come swarming in any time there was any excitement. I don't believe

there were ever more than 200 of our own men in the picket line.

But they kept us out of our plant, and finally blocked off the whole street, and after a lot of talk the mayor sent the police out. But he called them back when he saw the size of the picket line. That was the pay-off. They had the police buffaloed.

After that, when the courts issued an injunction and the sheriff came out to paste the notices up, they chased him and his deputies and tore down the posters. The sheriff talked about martial law, and calling out the troops, but he didn't do anything, and finally the company made some concessions to get the plant going again and we went back to work, thinking the trouble was all over.

But that was where we were wrong. We didn't understand how the union racket is run nowadays; we didn't realize that a handful of organizers, backed up by the Federal Government and local politicians, can close a plant anytime they want, and that the employers haven't got a chance to set things straight. The whole thing is politics — and graft. The Government wants the workers' votes, and the union wants their money. That's what they call the New Deal for labor.

II

The union didn't have more than twenty per cent of the employees after the strike, but they were plenty cocky. Hadn't they licked the company, the police, the sheriff, and the courts? The only real concession the union got out of the strike was that their committeemen could leave their machines and go through the department and talk to other men after getting permission from their supervisor. But they didn't bother about getting permission very long. That was a joke.

The first thing they did was to go after the men who spoke out against the union. My friend Lloyd was one of them. Two days after the strike, a half-dozen men stopped him as he was coming in to work.

"You're going to join the union," they told him.

"Yes?" said Lloyd.

"Yes — or else."

"That goes for you too," they said to Fenton who was with him.

Three days later ten of them ganged him as he came in. A company policeman ran over but they shoved him back and someone cracked Lloyd over the back of the head with a steel tool, another man kicked him in the face

as he hit the floor. The police rescued him and took him to the hospital.

They got Fenton a few nights later as he came out of a restaurant, dragged him down the alley and beat him up. Three men were arrested for that, and two of them were found guilty and got thirty days and costs — suspended. The newspapers described it as a fight. The public didn't know what it was all about. But in the plant, the "Hatchet Gang", as they called themselves, passed the word along.

"Get wise to yourself, fellow, or something will happen to you," they said. A lot of men signed up to keep out of trouble.

They went after Lloyd again a few days later, this time right inside the plant. A shift foreman came to his rescue.

"That guy goes out of the shop and stays out!" yelled the committeeman. "Nobody's going to work till they get this rat out of here. Get away from those machines!" Some of his gang went down the aisle, shoving men back. Nobody knew what to do about it, even the foreman. The committeeman pulled the switches.

"That'll show you who's running this shop," he said.

Lloyd was taken off the job and sent home.

They went after Gannon next. He backed into a corner and picked up an iron bar.

"All right," they said. "But you'll join the union, or we'll beat hell out of you."

Gannon thought he was entitled to protection so he went to a lawyer, swore out a warrant for threatening to kill. The case came up two weeks later in police court. No one would testify against the union men. In fact, several men testified that they had been there during the argument and that no threats were made. Case was dismissed.

For several days after that, there were parades, fifteen or twenty cars driving up and down past Gannon's house, booing and jeering, frightening women and children. This went on everywhere. Anyone who was at all conspicuous would be threatened at his work and at the gatehouse, booed and called names. Tools would be thrown at him as he walked down the aisle.

Most of the trouble took place on the midnight shift. The short-service men were all on that shift and it was easier to gang up on a man at night. The trouble-makers never traveled alone, always in gangs, six or more, picking off their victims one at a time. Lloyd and Gannon and others had to

have an escort to and from work, either non-union friends or company police.

Then Joe Webb was made head man on a pool operation which gave him five cents an hour more. Kerr, a union man, had been taken off the job for bad workmanship and absenteeism. Webb was one of the best men in the department and entitled to the job through service, but he didn't belong to the union. The committeeman wouldn't stand for it.

"Everybody's sitting down till this rat is taken off the job, and Kerr put back on," he said. The sit-down lasted for an hour and a half. Finally the company gave in and put Kerr back. All these things brought members to the union. If they couldn't depend on management to protect them, many employees decided maybe they'd better go along with the union.

Then one morning Reynolds got his. He had been the leader of the non-union men during the strike. He had tried to get police protection so that the people who wanted to work could go back. He was an old-service man working first shift. There were plenty of threats made against him and his house had been guarded and he had a police escort to work.

They finally got him right in the

shop. First-shift men arrive before six o'clock, so they can take over their machines on the hour. So the night-shift men were still there when he came in. "Let's get him!" someone yelled.

Twenty men started after him. Several of them had tools shaped like a tomahawk. Moon, who worked at the next machine, tried to protect him. They knocked him down and kicked him out of the way.

I talked to Reynolds afterwards in the hospital. His head was bandaged up and his face was cut and bruised.

"The only thing I can compare it to," he told me, "was a bayonet charge during the War. These men had worked themselves into a killing mood. They were like animals. I saw it was no use to try to defend myself. I started to run but I hadn't taken ten steps before someone caught me from behind. I was unconscious when the police and supervisors rescued me."

The company sent Reynolds out of town after that, gave him a job somewhere else. But nobody was arrested for the attack. What was the use? It had happened so suddenly that neither the foreman nor police could identify the men who attacked him — in any case, it was the company's word against twenty

workmen. It was impossible to convict a union man.

We found that out a little later. Again Webb was the cause. They started a new crew in his department and again he was the longest-service man and entitled to the job as crew leader.

"No you don't," said the committeeman. "You can't have that job." Again he pulled the switches. "Listen, fellows," he yelled, "we've got to teach this company a lesson. We're going to close down the whole plant this time. Take those shift foremen and supervisors over to the end of the room and put a guard over 'em."

By this time, he had twenty men to carry out the orders. "Now go out and shut down the rest of the plant. Pick up any non-union skunks you see and bring 'em back, then put 'em in the bull pen."

Telephone lines were cut. A foreman who tried to call the police department had the phone grabbed from his hand and pulled from the wall. Webb escaped in the confusion and ran to the general foreman's office. Four men followed him to the door, demanded that the foreman turn him over. Twenty more waited outside. The foreman refused to give up his prisoner. Then Byers, head committeeman, came up.

"Listen," he said to the foreman, "I can't handle that gang out there. They'll come in and get him if you don't turn him over. He has to go to the bull pen. If he goes along quietly nobody'll lay a hand on him. I'll see to it. You can send your supervisor with him."

The foreman finally consented.

Some of the men dragged in the bull pen didn't fare so well, had their clothes torn and showed signs of rough handling. Byers took charge of the department. Even to go to the washroom you had to have a permit signed by Byers, and were escorted there and back.

When morning came and time for the shift change, a delegation was sent to every gatchouse. The fire doors were blocked and nobody was permitted to enter the plant or to leave. Finally "negotiations" were started. The company gave in as usual around noon, took Webb off the job. Then the union demanded that they be paid for the time lost during the sit-down. That started another argument. So the management agreed to give them an extra day's work over the weekend to make up for it. Finally at 2 o'clock, after sixteen hours' time lost, things went ahead.

The company did try to do something about this. About twenty men were arrested for conspiracy.

The union lawyer was a slick one. He had the case postponed two or three times, gave long statements to the papers attacking the company, demanded a jury trial. Finally the first case, Gray's, came to trial. It was hard to get anybody to testify. Those who did were mostly supervisors, and the union had twice as many witnesses to testify that Gray had nothing to do with it. The "Hatchet Men" passed the word around about what would happen to any piece-worker who testified against the union.

One man who did, found out that they weren't kidding. They sat down that night in his department, refused to work with him. The company sent him to another department. The Hatchet Men followed him over and stopped work there. Finally the company sent him home. I don't know what became of him.

The jury disagreed and the prosecutor dismissed the other cases, said there was no chance of getting a conviction. More men signed up with the union. What was the use bucking it? Then they got the Labor Board to call an election in the Spring. They had big meetings and parades. The non-union men weren't organized. The company couldn't do anything. You had to run the gantlet to get to the vot-

ing booth. And the union got a little over sixty per cent.

III

I haven't said much about myself in all this. I got along pretty well for a while. When I saw how things were going, I made up my mind to keep my mouth shut and tend to my own business. I heard a lot of dirty remarks but I pretended not to notice them. Once a bolt whizzed past my head from an upstairs window. Another time somebody threw one of those "tomahawks" at me.

They hid my tools if I stepped away from my machine, and would pass them man to man down the line, and I would lose a lot of time looking for them. They would turn the steam on on my machine and spoil a lot of material. One day, when I went to the locker to get my tools, I found a knife-blade sticking in the keyhole. I lost an hour's time before I could open the locker.

But as I weighed 200 pounds and had done a little boxing in my time, I made it clear that if anybody tied into me, he was going to get hurt. I rode back and forth to work with another man in the department who lived down the street from me. He would take his

car one week and I would take mine the next. He was pretty hot against the union too, and was plenty tough to tackle, so they didn't bother us much.

Pretty soon, my friend got moody and down-in-the-dumps. He had been losing about one day's work a week on account of sit-downs, because they happened somewhere nearly every day. I knew he couldn't afford to lose the time because he had a crippled kid and spent a lot of money for doctor bills. One day I saw him tearing into his work and I knew he was going to go over the limit which the union had set. I saw he was trying to make some extra money and wondered what would happen. Sure enough, a shop steward reported him to the committeeman. They shut down the department.

I tried to kid him along, tell him not to let it get him down. But that night when we came to get into his car, he found a great gash in each tire, cut in such a way that they couldn't be fixed. He had to buy four new tires.

He didn't stop to pick me up the next day, so I telephoned and his wife said that he had left fifteen minutes before. I thought I knew what had happened, so I got out my own car and went in, and sure

enough there he was. He didn't speak. We haven't spoken since. He had given up and joined the union — "voluntarily".

It was the same way at home. Women are always worse than men on these things. My wife and I couldn't even go to church without being insulted. We weren't asked to dances any more, or parties. Same with the kids, and they felt bad about it. We lived in a section where most everybody worked for the company and those that were against the union, didn't dare say so. My wife used to break out crying for no reason at all.

One night she woke up screaming, hysterical. I was more than an hour getting her quieted down. Then she told me what had been going on. She had been getting telephone calls when I was away, threatening things if I didn't sign up, threatening the kids. She had worked herself up to a breakdown. I didn't sleep much that night, but did a lot of thinking. The next day I hunted up the committeeman.

"Give me one of those union cards," I said.

He sneered and handed over the blank. I signed it and reached for my pocketbook.

"So you finally got a little sense," he said.

"Yes," I said. "I'm signing up to buy protection. I'm paying you blackmail."

Two or three of the tough guys, hearing the argument, came up behind him. It looked like at last I was going to have a fight, and boy, was I ready for it! But the committeeman was smart.

"Got anything more to say?" he asked.

"Yes, just one thing. If anything ever happens to my wife or my kids, or my car or my house, or to me, I'm going to get YOU! I don't care who does it, or whether you even know anything about it. If anything happens, mister, you pay for it!"

They didn't bother me after that. They'd got what they wanted — money; and I'd got what I wanted — protection for my wife and kids.

But don't misunderstand me. All that I went through in the plant didn't have anything to do with rights for labor, or better working conditions, or higher wages, or a more secure future. Those problems still remain to be settled another day — settled sensibly and decently, when employer and employee sit down and talk things over. What's going on today is a racket, and the union's riding high.

CHILDREN

BY RUTH PURDY

I. The Neighbor's Little Girl

THE apple wasn't the snake's worst sin — it was only his first.
It took many millenniums of depravity
Before he evolved the Neighbor's Little Girl.
After he had turned her loose on the world
He felt he could take a Sabbatical year.
It is she who sows the weeds in your child's garden of verses;
A Monster in Miniature, who lives on hot dogs and frozen custard
And never goes to bed till after the second show;
A Tutor of Iniquity, who teaches your daughter to snatch candy,
To whine for roller skates when you're overdrawn at the bank,
To stick out her tongue at your mother-in-law;
Who whispers in her ear words you never knew when you were young —
At least, that's your story for posterity.
The Neighbor's Little Girl — what a Hellcat,
But what an Alibi!

II. Chesterfield, Jr.

The boy doffs one glove and shakes hands with a flourish;
Discusses your health with gallantry,
Your husband's golf game with commiseration,
The potentialities of your maid and the ice-man with optimism.
Already he shows the promise of such a look — bold, hypnotic —
As lures to the movies each afternoon crowds of romantic matrons
Whose husbands have too much stomach, too little hair.
You wish you had had the guts to wrestle with your reducing corset.
Behind him cringes your son, looking just like his father —
Huckleberry Finn, not Rupert of Hentzau —

A boy who will be fined when he grows up for obstructing traffic
On the day that his friend, triumphantly acquitted of murder, leaves the
court

In a claue of importunate cameramen and sex-starved women.

You speak to your son sharply for snuffling.

For a moment you wish you had married that leading man in Stock

You had a crush on at Wildwood Park the summer you were seventeen.

III. In the Rough

The doorbell rings, and your worst fears are confirmed.

She has come to call with her little boy.

She is weary but triumphant.

He, though wearing the scars of a losing battle with cleanliness

And primed to the tonsils with manners,

Registers a final protest by kicking your grand piano.

To the hostess, the Augean labors of the mother seem futile.

That unformed, freckled nose, that adenoidal mouth would have been
more bearable

Veiled in dirt and jam.

You regard him in your Early-American home, decrepit with museum
pieces,

With the apprehension a spinster would feel

Toward a sea-lion at large in her Gift Shoppe.

"What a polite little boy!"

You murmur with crossed fingers and a specious smile

As he leaps to his feet at a glare from his mother

And spills the rest of his cocoa on the satin slip-cover.

IV. Hollywood In Embryo

Remember the pea under the princess' featherbeds?

That's the size of Lovey's brain, smothered in bows and ruffles,

Camouflaged by dimpled knees and a diminutive permanent.

Even her blood must be syrup, coursing through veins of baby ribbon.

If she ever had a thought her lisp would wreck it coming out.

Scientists pore over a microscope, searching for deadly microbes;

She's one they would enjoy squashing.
She parades her provocative charms, her rehearsed coquetties,
A continuous performance of an unstarred juvenile
(Except that movies aren't compulsory)
Before a unanimous and adoring audience of only one — her mother;
For if group-thinking were animate
The neighbors would have been tried for infanticide years ago.
One summer at Weekapaug she fell off the pier.
Her mother rushed up the beach screaming, "Won't someone save my
child?"
The Life Guard, who was playing Contract with three men from Wall
Street
Looked up and said anxiously,
"I double three no-trumps."

V. The Apple of Her Eye

His mother is a slave bearing tribute, a windbreak against the storms,
The walls of a closed room,
An udder bounteous with unearned praise.
She never teaches him that life is an Automat, not a free lunch-counter.
To her he is not merely the child God gave her to train.
He is the husband who tired of her, the lover she never had,
The career she failed at, the answer to youthful dreams.
So they live, she for him only,
He also for himself.
But one day he will find a friend,
For somewhere in the world there is another piece of the jigsaw puzzle
As eccentric as he is;
And when his mother comes to him then, wistful with homage,
He will push her off and say petulantly,
"Don't bother me."



EARTHQUAKE IN MESSINA

BY WAYNE FRANCIS PALMER

IN THE summer of 1908, a man and a boy in the strange garb of Nazarene pilgrims wandered into the city of Messina, Sicily. They had a task to perform, and they went about it assiduously. Citizens were stopped on the streets and told: "Messina is a wicked place. Before the year is ended, it will be destroyed and its inhabitants punished for their sins. Repent before it is too late."

Most people merely pulled themselves free from the clutch of the wild-eyed prophets and went on their way. Some crossed themselves, and thought no more of the incident. But at least one remembered.

Christmas that year came on Friday. For three days the celebration continued, until on Sunday night the 150,000 residents of Messina threw themselves exhausted into bed, preparing against the inevitable dawn of a work-day. There were, however, a few exceptions. Sunday afternoon and evening, nervous and high-strung persons had been particularly wrought up.

After midnight, there was a half-hour period when cattle seemed agitated. Horses neighed in their stalls. An unusual howling of dogs was to be heard. In the darkness, birds took to wheeling flight or uttered notes of alarm. For a distance of 100 miles these symptoms were noted, and were later attributed to microseismic movements.

Dawn broke through a heavy bank of storm clouds over the city. Gas street-lights were still burning; the tinkle of bells on milk goats could be heard; a few early-risers were about the streets. At this eerie, uncertain moment most of Messina's inhabitants slept their last hour of heavy sleep.

Somewhere in the distance arose a curious, singing noise. Like a windstorm which starts on a low whistling note, it grew louder and louder until, with a throaty roar, it broke into horrible subterranean thunder. Another instant of noise; a bated pause; and then the ground underfoot turned to liquid as it rose and fell in undulating earthen waves. Messina was in the grip of

a supernatural force; it was shaken like a dog shakes a rat. Buildings were lifted bodily and then let down with sickening jerks and jars. The streets heaved upward. The sidewalks curled. Stone and brick turned to dust. With an incredible roar a gigantic avalanche of crushed masonry and splintered timbers fell upon the earth. For thousands of sleeping persons, it was the end of the world.

In thirty seconds, what had been a famous city of beauty was turned into a shambles and a core of death. One hundred thousand people, in Messina and nearby villages, were killed or mortally injured. Hardly a single family escaped the sacrifice of blood.

After the first rumbling shock, all was suddenly quiet save for the shrieks of the injured and dying. Those who could escape from broken buildings darted semi-clothed or naked into the flickering streets and made their way over mountains of wreckage toward the open waterfront. Minor earth shocks continued to shower furniture, blocks of stone, and even human bodies on them. Many were crushed to death, while others, bewildered, took refuge under tottering walls where they soon met the same fate.

Several thousand finally gath-

ered along the sea wall, believing they had reached safety. But in a few moments, they saw the water suddenly recede in the harbor and then hurl itself back at them in a giant foam-capped tidal wave, forty feet in height, that raced and roared its way for a quarter of a mile into the city. Hundreds of fishing boats and even seagoing freighters were hurled shoreward, snapping their anchor chains like strings. Collisions smashed small craft to kindling wood. It was like a typhoon coming from all points of the compass. Great holes opened in the sea, reaching down twenty to thirty feet. Ships moored in deep water dropped to the harbor bottom, only to have tons of water crash down on them. The breakwater on which the survivors had been standing gave way like paper, and when the waters receded they took with them the wreckage of hundreds of buildings and most of the terrorized horde that had sought safety by the sea.

Even the heavens now entered the conspiracy. Strange sparks and flashes flared up until the universe seemed afire. This weird phenomenon continued until the winds reached hurricane velocity, when abruptly the sky opened floodgates onto the city. For seven days to come, neither the piercing winds

nor the drenching rain gave the homeless survivors respite.

Almost simultaneously with the rain's arrival a dozen fires blazed up at various points to cast a vivid light over the horrors ashore. Broken gas mains fed the flames. Survivors fleeing this new terror became maddened mobs and trampled others to death as they stampeded about. Earth tremors continued at intervals and brought crumbling buildings crashing down. Live wires broke and like hissing serpents, attempted to coil about the panic-stricken survivors.

"To the Cathedral!" someone cried. "We can always find safety there." The crowds rushed toward the magnificent edifice that for eight centuries had provided a refuge against bombardments, fires, and earthquakes. There again, in the midst of destruction, they found calm. At its altar the solemn chanting of the mass proceeded in comforting monotonies.

Then came a writhing of the earth so severe that the massive trusses overhead groaned. The walls, weary of their age-long burden, crumbled. The roof and its massive arches, along with twenty-two great granite columns from the Temple of Neptune, crashed down and destroyed those who had sought asylum in their shelter.

II

When day finally came, there was opportunity to appraise what had happened. The harbor was covered with wreckage. Thousands of bodies mingled with churning flotsam. The funnels of a sunken steamer rose above the surface. The wrecks of a hundred fishing boats were visible. The large military hospital was in ruins, its patients and staff dead almost to a man. All ordinary means of communication were destroyed.

One of the vessels that had ridden out the storm was sent up the coast for help; but it was not until Tuesday morning that aid arrived. The Russian man-of-war *Slava* was the first vessel to enter the harbor. Landing parties fell in. Shovels, axes, and picks were distributed. "You'll need rifles, too," an Italian officer warned. "The prisons were broken open and the scum of Sicily is at work among the ruins."

A long line of dead had been laid out along the shore, the naked corpses sloshing about in the tide. Silent survivors waded among them, looking for relatives. One of the searchers halted beside the body of a beautiful girl. "See? Just for the rings." He held up the left hand. Two fingers had been chopped off.

Fifty streets were wrecked north and south, fifty streets east and west — 2500 blocks in all. Beneath each were human beings — 130,000 either dead or awaiting rescue. The Russian sailors scattered and called down into the wreckage. A voice would plead below, and then they would dig like mad through mortar, wood, bricks, furniture, sometimes forty feet deep. Meanwhile, recurring earth shocks would send other walls tumbling. Often the Russians would complete hours of tunneling, only to have the walls of the pit collapse, crushing the victim.

One squad dug for forty-seven hours to save a man who died as he was rescued. At the bottom of one excavation two babies were found unharmed, laughing and playing. Beside them was their dead mother, clasping a dead infant to her breast.

Some of the survivors seemed to be incapable of helping themselves. A family of father, mother, and five children were standing practically naked in an open square, with rain falling heavily. "For the love of God, get us out of here!" the father cried.

"Go down to the harbor and you will find boats to take you away," a newspaperman told them.

"How can we get there?"

"On your own feet."

But the family refused to move — saying they had no umbrellas.

In one excavation was a priest with his body buried up to the chin in masonry. For three days his pet cat had hovered about solicitously, but on the fourth its hunger got the better of it. The cat had eaten one of its master's ears.

Another squad of sailors struggled through one rain-soaked night, urged on by the call, "Marie — Marie — Marie!" Their hours of tortuous effort were rewarded by saving a parrot.

As though Messina had not suffered enough from the thieves ejected from the city's jails and prison, criminals from all over Italy raced to the scene of the disaster. They were like the swarms of buzzards that through some mysterious intuition collected from hundreds of miles about, and like the countless dogs that swarmed into the city from the Sicilian hills to join them in feasting on the dead.

Orders were issued to the international naval forces to shoot looters on sight, but the difficulties were increased when the ghouls clothed themselves in the uniforms of dead Italian officers and joined together in armed bands. At the Bank of Sicily, where \$500,000 in

gold lay exposed, a pitched battle resulted in six robbers being killed and six sailors wounded. The next morning, twenty executions settled this account. Other criminals built up a thriving business in shipping half-stunned girls to the brothels of the mainland.

It was impossible to take time from rescue work to bury the dead. While there was any hope that life remained in the ruins, all effort was concentrated on saving it, so the naked corpses lay everywhere, piled in rows or merely thrown onto heaps and left there sprawling shamelessly under the rain. But finally the time came when even the dead were to have attention.

At first the working parties tried putting three bodies in each coffin, but with over 100,000 dead that soon became impossible. Then they tried burying them in a great community grave, with a thousand bodies piled in like wood. But this task also was too great. So they turned to the all-cleansing fire. For days, lines of death-carts rumbled along the torn streets toward a huge funeral pyre.

Then finally, on the twentieth day, when even the most optimistic had given up hope of further

rescues, a call was heard from beneath the ruins of one house. Clearing away the debris was a tedious task, for massive timbers blocked every entrance to the excavation. Eventually the rescuers broke into what had been a bedroom, and there in comfort they found a young mother with healthy fourteen-day-old twins. With no help of any kind, she had gone through the ordeal of childbirth alone.

Doctors rushed to examine her and the babies. The infants were found to be in fine condition — plump, healthy, and happy — yet there had been no food in the bedroom at the time of the quake. Nor could food have been gotten to them between the time and the hour of rescue.

Pressed for an answer to this riddle, the girl's face lit up. "Twice each day She brought us food. She would not let me and the babies want. How did She get in? What did She look like? Why, you must know. It was the Madonna. You see, last Summer I was stopped on the street by a kindly man and boy. They were dressed as shepherds of old. 'Repent, daughter,' they told me, 'and you shall be saved.'"



EDITORIAL

The La Follette Platform

Governor LA FOLLETTE treated the country to a seven-days' wonder when he shook the new Progressive Party out of his sleeve at Madison, on April 28. We lay aside our editorial dignity to say he pulled a fast one. He certainly pulled one on us, so far as its political implications go, for we did not know what to make of it, nor do we now. Hence we must leave our readers to think up the best guess they can on that aspect of the matter, if they are interested, while we ruefully accept the third strike, throw down our bat, and weave our woozy way to the bench.

The Governor's speech was good, most of it, and more than good in spots. For instance, when he explodes the idiotic "economy of scarcity" he is more than good. "Less from agriculture, less from industry and business, and less from labor, can only equal less for all instead of more for all." That is as plain as any other sum in elementary arithmetic, and nobody but a New Dealer can fail to get the right answer. Again, when the

Governor says "we cannot share wealth unless we have first produced enough real wealth to share", he talks sterling common sense. We particularly like his specifying *real* wealth. Bogus bankers and quack economists have had all of us thinking so long in terms of token wealth — money, credit, paper of all sorts — that we no longer know that the only real wealth in the world is commodities; it is what people produce by applying labor and capital to natural resources. Again, when he relates freedom inseparably to "our capacity to produce abundance; if this foundation is undermined, our liberties are undermined" — he is talking down to bedrock fact. No man or set of men, not economically free, can be either politically free or socially free. It is impossible. This being so, the Governor is right again in his insistence that first things should be dealt with first; for if people are economically free, no one need bother about making them politically and socially free. Those free-

doms follow automatically, and cannot be headed off. The Governor appears to understand this sequence of things, for he says that while his party will "point towards certain near-by material goals, our ends are not merely economic, but are means to free the soul of man".

Rather good, that, and we might pick out more like it, if we had the space. We were interested, too, to see that if the Governor had followed through on the good spots in his speech, they would pretty well cancel out the bad ones. We are not blaming him for his failure to do this, because a speech is a speech, not a lecture or an essay. We merely remark the fact as something unusual, for we do not remember ever reading a speech which showed this peculiarity to the same degree. For instance, if he had followed through on his comments on Socialism, Fascism, Communism, he would have nullified most of the irrelevant talk which follows; the reader may turn back to the speech and see how this is so. If he had followed through on his excellent statement that "no human institution can be successful that attempts to go counter to the underlying rules of Nature", he would have cancelled out the culpable looseness and in-

correctness of his observations on our present economic system; he would have discerned the right reasons for objecting to that system, and not wasted his time on the wrong ones. If he had followed through on the simple truth that "the life of the human race depends on the earth itself", he would have had to rewrite all the rest of his speech.

What especially pleased us was the Governor's strong and clear intimation — not put in set phrase, but running all through his speech — that nothing worth doing can be done until we first have a complete and radical change of ideas. Again, this is plain common sense; and again, its application is a case of "first things first". Naturally we liked the Governor's attitude, because in all our comment and criticism on public affairs, this magazine has always tried to get at the *idea*, the basic principle, of whatever we were discussing, and talk about that, rather than about the measures and policies which were only the idea's superficial outcroppings. Wherever we have seen a wrong principle at work, we have sought to break it down by arraigning the principle itself, and by showing what, in our opinion, the right principle was. This is a thankless job, but we thought

some one should tackle it; and we are happy to see evidence that the Governor thinks it ought to be the first one on the agenda.

So it really is, because if you have the right *idea*, the right principle, the right theory of things, to start with, the mistakes you make in working out that idea are not serious. You can always learn and improve as you go along. The Governor's illustration of the automobile is excellent. A motor-car of the 'Nineties is a queer ramshackle affair today, but the *idea* was right, the principle was sound, and as the car-makers gradually learned how better to apply the idea, the car gradually improved. That is the way of sound normal progress towards perfection in anything, simply because, as the Governor says, it does not "go counter to the underlying rules of Nature", but on the contrary, goes as they direct. Those rules require that whatever you do, you must get your *idea* straight, before you begin to do it.

If not, nothing will keep you from failure. Worse than that, any practical measures which are not based on correct ideas not only fail — they not only do no real and permanent good — but they make proper measures more difficult, because before you can get correct ideas into people's heads, you have

to pry the incorrect ideas out, thus losing a great deal of time and energy which would have been saved if the correct ideas had been in their heads to start with. The New Deal, for instance, started with no ideas at all — except the one political idea of grabbing a job and keeping it — and whatever ideas it afterwards improvised were fantastically unsound. It is clear now that the measures based on those ideas have done no permanent good, but on the contrary, much harm, as they were bound to do. The unfortunate thing, however, is that aside from jobholders, grafters, sycophants, and spongers, many honest well-meaning people were taken in on those ideas, so that they still sincerely believe they can somehow be made to work.

Take for example the first idea which Mr. Roosevelt broached; the idea that the State owes all its citizens a living. No idea could be more unsound than that, and we already see with dismay what it has come to in practice; but it was attractive and very plausibly presented, and many decent honest people accepted it at once. It is still fixed in their minds, and they are therefore easy marks for whatever political mountebank may come along in the wake of the New Deal with some other swindling scheme

for making it work; and obviously, before any appreciable force of public opinion can be mobilized against any and all such quackery, this idea must somehow be scoured out of their heads.

All praise therefore to Governor La Follette for making it clear that right action can proceed only out of right ideas, and that the first step in method is to displace wrong ideas by right ones. This praise is especially due from us, and we offer it gladly. But now we must say with regret that it is only because we feel as strongly on this point as he does, that we cannot see our way to fight under his banner, or to believe that there is any worthy prospect for his party. As well as we can judge from his speech (and we speak under correction) the Governor seems to contemplate nothing more than a sort of purified and glorified New Deal, administered honestly, ably, and disinterestedly. To us that would be just another New Deal, just another of those "attempts to go counter to the underlying rules of Nature", which not only do not interest us, but which we always view with painful apprehension of the damage they are sure to do. A perpetual-motion device may be managed as honestly and ably as you please; but you will never get

perpetual motion out of it, because the "underlying rules of nature" are against you, and you can't beat them.

Governor La Follette appears to believe that the interests of human society and the interests of the State are identical, or at least that they may be somehow clapper-clawed into some kind of harmony; and that therefore the State is a proper agency of social welfare, or may be made such. We hope we do not misrepresent the Governor, but the conclusions set forth in his speech all seem to us to point that way. This idea is the one which has reached its full fruitage in the totalitarian States, and has reached a good healthy growth in this country in the last six years. As we have said again and again, we believe this idea to be wholly unsound and vicious; because for reasons which must be clear to anybody who can see what is going on around him, it is bound to bring the individual citizen into the deplorable condition of State servitude. It has been running a wild course throughout the world for many years; and the upshot of it has been to destroy every right the individual has, and make him a mere creature of the State.

The interests of society are in having as *little* government as pos-

sible, and in keeping that little as decentralized as possible. The State, on the other hand, is administered by jobholders; and therefore its interests are in having as *much* government as possible, and keeping it as highly centralized as possible. We cannot conceive of any two sets of interests more irreconcilable than these, and therefore we think any assumption that they can ever in any way be reconciled is fatuous.

We are not arguing a case here, but merely showing cause for our inability to follow the Governor's lead. If our readers would like to see chapter-and-verse for our belief, they will find it expounded very well indeed, much better than we could possibly do it, by Voltaire, Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, Nietzsche, Edmund Burke, and Benjamin Franklin. If they think these authorities belong to the horse-and-buggy age and are outmoded, they might look up our case as stated by Ortega y Gasset, only three or four years ago. Or, if it must be a case of America for Americans, we can recommend *Our Enemy the State* by our gifted contributor, Albert Jay Nock. The most thorough-going exposition of it, however, was made by Herbert Spencer, in his small volume called *The Man Versus the State*, against

which nothing has ever been successfully said, or can be said.

With such authorities on our side, and with logic and history on our side as well — especially current history — we are frank to say we are not interested in any forecast of a jobholders' paradise, or of a benevolent and righteous Tammany, consecrated to the task of doing human society for its own good. When a proposal comes along to inform all jobholders that they are servants, not masters, and if they do not behave accordingly they will hear about it; to cut the State's functions down to the irreducible minimum prescribed by Paine and particularized by Spencer; to pry its hands entirely off industry and business, except for punishing fraud and maintaining the general régime of contract; to end its pernicious dabbings in "social legislation"; in short, to put a stop to its riding high, wide and handsome on the shoulders of an exhausted and distracted servile society — when we hear this proposal, THE MERCURY will reach down the flintlock from over the kitchen mantel and be the first Minute Man in the field. Until we do hear it, however, we shall let the old smoothbore stay where it is, and shall abstain from entangling alliances of every kind.

THE OTHER SIDE

For the edification of its readers, THE MERCURY will present in this department from time to time the views of some of those who most sharply disagree with its editorial policy.

WHY I BELIEVE IN THE NEW DEAL

By DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE

NEW DEALERS come from all parties—Democratic, Republican, and Progressive. They are Conservatives, Liberals, and Radicals; the Liberals tending to survive rather better than the others. New Dealers do not all agree with everything that is done in Washington. Perhaps the best general definition of a New Dealer can be drawn from the report of President Hoover's Committee on Social Trends: the committee stated that technological changes have created a new set of conditions, and that laws and business practices have lagged behind, causing dangerous strains in the nation. A New Dealer is one who favors changes of law and business methods sufficiently rapid to reduce these strains. An anti-New Dealer thinks that such changes are unnecessary or that they can be postponed to the indefinite future.

How long it will be before either major party has a clear-cut theory and program, no prophet has dared to guess. Meanwhile the meaning of our past twenty years of history can be interpreted in many ways. The Government therefore cannot avoid experimenting and sometimes being wrong. Mr. Hoover had to experiment with agreements not to cut wages, with cutting taxes and expenditures, with the foreign loan moratorium, with the RFC, and with a mild public-works program. Some of these attempts appear now to have been sensible, but the actions were too weak to have any noticeable effect. Mr. Roosevelt has experimented on a larger scale and with mixed results. The present article is an interpretation of these experiments in relation to a particular line of thought that can be roughly classified as Progressive or

Liberal. Side issues, however spectacular, are omitted for lack of space.

The events leading up to 1929 began with normalcy. American technology had reached a point where no possible expansion of industry could offer sound investment for the amount of capital that was saved by people and corporations. In order to keep our personal and corporate savings in circulation we had to print phony paper, including foreign bonds, by means of which we could dissipate our surplus capital. Prosperity was built on unrealized capital losses, which came to realization in 1929. That fact lies back of the most significant of the many confused events that have happened since.

Another fundamental fact is the increased stickiness of prices, caused in a few cases by monopoly, and in many more by price leadership and by consumers refusing to buy in a falling market. The law of supply and demand fails to work in large sections of business, and many business men realize that it cannot be restored.

Business, unable to recirculate all the available liquid capital by investment without staggering losses, and unable to adjust to market changes by flexible prices, is ossified. Its automatic self-ad-

justment mechanism has rusted solid and will never work again. It must look to Government, whether Hoover or Roosevelt is in the White House.

The New Deal has attacked the phony investment racket by means of the SEC, the howls against which were led by Mr. Richard Whitney. So far so good; but since business cannot absorb all the available capital that is offered, and since the SEC interferes with the easy recirculation of this surplus capital by swindling the investors, we cannot go back to normalcy. The fact that at the moment there may be fifteen or twenty billion dollars worth of modernization to do, should not blind us to the real situation. That work will not last long as a basis for prosperity. Unless the New Deal can be forced to reopen the gates to the kind of games that were played before 1929, some less disastrous way of putting money into circulation will have to be accepted.

Other efforts to improve financial soundness were the HOLC, which turned sour home mortgages into sound public bonds; the banking law, improving the controls against inflation of bank credit; and the seizure of gold and guarantee of bank deposits, which in the crisis of 1938 have at least

saved us from hoarding and bank runs. (The devaluation of the dollar was an experiment in subsidizing export trade, which had little effect.) These financial measures have resulted in our entering the present Depression with no such inflated financial cloud-castles as those that crashed about our ears in 1929. That is no excuse for the present Recession, but it is some help when we consider how to get out of it.

In the middle of the excitement of fighting the Depression the dust storms suddenly called public attention to conservation. This country, we now realize, has never had a balanced economic budget. All the depressions of the past century were cured by the Government giving away the national domain. Our prosperity has been based on liquidating our national assets—soil, forest, and minerals—and dissipating the proceeds. Technology has now reached a development that permits us to impoverish this country, within a lifetime. National maintenance is a necessary first charge against the national income, and the Federal Government is chiefly responsible for seeing to it. Another ominous fact that appeared when business revived was the erosion of our people and the startling scarcity of

skilled workers. On top of that came the repeated aggressions of Fascist powers abroad and the loss of prestige of the Democratic countries, warning us that dissipation of resources and degeneration of manpower are not healthy for any nation that wants to preserve freedom.

The New Deal has started several programs for preserving natural and human resources—the PWA, the TVA, the Resettlement Administration, WPA, Federal Housing, CCC, and Social Security. These programs have suffered from various troubles. There was some old-fashioned politics, but not much, judged by normal American experience. There was a good deal of bureaucracy, partly caused by inexperience, some of it caused by insufficient funds and attempts to spread too thin, and much of it caused by the Comptroller General's sincere desire to use red tape as a brake on action that he disapproved. The physical accomplishments per dollar expended, however, compare favorably with the actually useful results obtained by private business in such fields as, say, soft coal mines, skyscrapers, and oil-wells.

Gradually it has dawned on a number of people in Washington

that one reason for the limited success of the New Deal is an almost universal misunderstanding of the Budget. In any business corporation, expenses and investments are kept separate. If revenues cover expenses, the corporation is in the black, even though its debt may be increased by expansion that represents increased assets. The Government, however, mixes investment and spending together, and tries to balance the whole mixture out of current revenues. Business men do not have time to read the vast volume that contains the Budget; they merely look in the southeast corner of the summary printed in the *New York Times* and see a deficit. No one actually knows whether our Government has what a corporation would call a deficit or not. Preliminary studies appear to show that in several recent years the admissible assets added to the Federal holdings—chiefly physical property, bonds, and private loans—have almost if not quite covered the increase in Federal debt. An audit by a recognized private firm of accountants would seem to be in order, to see how we stand.

This country has a large job of maintenance to do, in soil conservation, forestry, education, public health, and several other fields. It

should have a bookkeeping system that is in the customary business form, so that business men can look at the figures and not be frightened at the cost. The work has to be done, and it should be done calmly. If it is done, the otherwise insoluble problem of recirculating the surplus income that business cannot use will be largely solved. That solution is now embodied in the New Deal spending program, but not as yet in clear outline. Correct bookkeeping, that will convince the taxpayers of the value of paying the bill, is still needed.

The delay in general understanding of the budget was the basic cause of slow progress in restoring prosperity, and also of the collapse of 1937. All the studies that have been made indicate that each dollar of increased Federal expenditure added about \$2.50 to the national income. Although we have lost between 200 and 300 billions of income since 1929 by failing to use our productive power, our income in 1936 was about 25 billions above that of 1932. Anyone who still believes we cannot spend our way into prosperity must puff away some rather impressive totals. The events of 1936-37 also indicate that the Federal budget makes or breaks business.

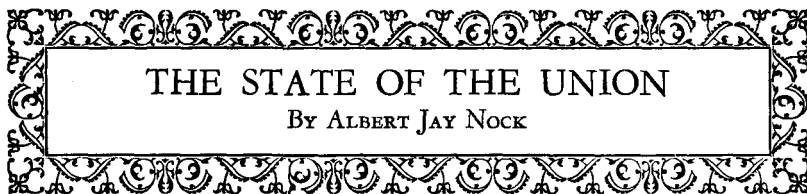
In 1936, as Mr. Eccles pointed out to the Byrnes Committee, we had an accidental shot in the arm from the payment of the veterans bonus. The result was that the recovery threatened to run away. Business men hedged against inflation by buying stocks and stacking up inventories. Then the Administration, under heavy pressure from Conservative critics and friends, started in 1937 to economize. The losses so far have been several times as large as the Federal economies, and the end is not in sight.

No doubt the first thing that should be done is to dispel the paralyzing fear of Government persecution that has settled over the business world. New investment would set us back on the road to recovery. But the hard fact remains in the background that the profitable openings for new private investment will soon be filled, as they were after the recovery from the similar collapse of 1921. From then on, where do we go? We dare not have normalcy again, with every financial racket wide open, leading up to another 1929. Gov-

ernment spending and investment are the only alternative.

Every new experience since the Depression began has proved that the Government is the bellwether that will lead business up or down. When the Government expands, business expands and the revenues expand. And vice versa. The only way out is upward. Meanwhile we find that in order to maintain the strength and soundness of our country, the Government must expand its program and do a thorough job of maintenance. It boils down to this: would you rather make \$15,000 and pay \$4,000 income tax, or make \$10,000 and pay \$500 income tax? Would you rather have a strong, stable country based on a secure, healthy, and well-trained population, or go back to a carefree system of unlimited waste of resources, with a gambler's chance to make a fortune before the final crash? Through the crude experiments of the New Deal, this country is slowly working its way toward a system of conservation, security, and stability that will avoid the disastrous errors of the 1920's.





THE STATE OF THE UNION

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

No More Rabbits in the Hat

THERE is a wrong impression in certain quarters concerning the American's capacity for getting hot under the collar about governmental rascalities. The reader has probably heard it said that we are a flabby, pampered lot who have lost the power of resentment and cannot be kicked into a fighting interest in anything but our own comfort and convenience. In particular, we are supposed to be incapable of getting our dander up about public affairs, no matter how disgracefully they are going. True, the people who say such things or hint them (for they seldom go beyond innuendo) are those who either do not know us very well, or else have some sort of ax to grind. In any case their criticism does not amount to anything, and it would therefore not be worth noticing, except for one curious fact which gives a little artificial color to it. Actually, there is not a word of truth in it, but as a people we have a peculiar characteristic which unfortunately tends to make it seem plausible.

To say that Americans are hard to stir up is rank nonsense. We are the easiest people in the world to stir up. Moreover, when we are stirred up we are distinctly bad medicine for the objects of our hatred. My observation is that we have always shown ourselves quicker on the draw than any other race or nation, the French and Irish being no exception; and also keener than any, except perhaps the British, to stay and shoot it out.

But here is the odd thing. We are quicker than anybody to get all het up about public affairs—there is no doubt about it, we are—provided it is somebody else's public affairs. It takes us no time at all to whoop up a whirlwind of wrath against the iniquities of government, provided it is somebody else's government. Any government will do, no matter what or where, as long as it is not ours. Give me a good publicity staff and a month's time, and I will guarantee to raise a wave of honest rage against the Ahkoond of Swat that

will make his kingdom rock and tremble. In what other country can such things be done so easily, quickly, effectively and with less questioning? I know of none.

Why, look at it! If all the energy generated by good, sound, honest American hatred of Herr Hitler today could somehow be controlled and applied directly to his person, it would throw him to the moon. You could get power enough out of American universities alone to destroy Franco's whole army. If you could convert American hatred into heat-units, people would think the Japanese government had got itself caught in a crematory, and that Moscow had been shifted to the tropics.

Then, too, when it comes to the power of detecting the enormities of tyranny and oppression, the American eye is as far-sighted as the Lick telescope. Distance is nothing to it. Governmental iniquities in Austria, Manchuria, Bohemia, Ethiopia, stand out like flies in a pan of milk. Our sense for spotting them *as* iniquities is equally prompt and unerring. The moment they strike the telescopic eye we recognize them as iniquities, get all steamed up over them, and feel that something has to be done about them right away. Then we start a "movement" of anti-this

or anti-that, organize committees, work up publicity, hold mass-meetings, and raise the devil generally. Also, in our brief intervals of dethroning tyranny and busting oppression, we go around cleaning up after the oppressors in every corner of the earth while some sleazy politician in Washington eggs us on by saying that "we must lead the world". We succor the suffering Belgians, buck up the indigent Poles, assuage the afflicted Armenians, dry-nurse the refugee Spanish children, and so forth and so on.

All this is fine. "The spirit of resistance to government," said Mr. Jefferson, "is so valuable that I wish it always to be kept alive"; and Americans beat the world at doing this—except where their own government is concerned. That is where their vision fails, and their capacity for red-hot indignation seems to peter out. All my life they have made me think of Herr Trippa, the astrologer mentioned by Rabelais, who could perceive everything that was going on among the stars, planets and all the heavenly bodies, but could not perceive the adulterous didoes that his wife was cutting up in the very next room to where he sat. It is this peculiar kink in our national character, I think, which puts a

color on our critics' libels about our being soft and willing to stand anything rather than put up a fight about it.

II

So my readers can easily see why I am so delighted by the recent evidence, slight though it may be, that we are in some degree capable of perceiving wrongs done us by our own government, and of getting fighting mad about them. I refer to the failure of the scandalous and outrageous Reorganization Bill. The fact that the House of Representatives turned this wastrel out to die in ignominy was in itself a good piece of news, and as such I welcomed it; but what really rejoiced me was the report of a hot and lively popular revulsion against Mr. Roosevelt's unconscionable effrontery in proposing such a measure. It seems, after all, that there is still a limit to the amount of chicane and demagoguery that can be rammed down the American craw; and also it seems that when our public is fed up, and knows it is fed up, the demagogue and chicaneer will still feel its hand on the back of his neck in a way that does him no kind of good. The reports I get from private sources as well as

from the press are almost reminiscent of the frontier spirit displayed by one of Alfred Henry Lewis's cowboy heroes. "I'm a slow hard team to start, Huggins," said Dan Boggs, "but once I goes into the collar, I'm irr'sistible."

It is, of course, a great pity that a sound scheme of governmental reorganization cannot be effected or even seriously proposed; a scheme honestly planned to save no end of money and abolish no end of filthy jobbery. Thomas Carlyle said that the only way to reform the British Foreign Office was to put a live coal under it, and he was abundantly right, as the history of that institution so well proves. Similarly, the only effective way to reorganize government in America is to reorganize a good round ninety per cent of it off the face of the earth, for fully ninety per cent of it is purely parasitical and therefore not only useless but noxious. This is an old story, however, and not more than a passing reminder of it is in place here. In fact, if the growing cost of this parasitism is not in itself a sufficient reminder — and apparently it is not — no verbal reminder is worth the breath to utter it.

For example, writing this in Europe at the end of April, I see that Mr. Roosevelt's five-billion-dollar

pump-priming plan for spending and lending ourselves out of the depression is now being threshed over in Congress. Perhaps, indeed probably, by the time these words get into print it will be going full blast, for we all know how little Congress thinks of economy in an election year. Perhaps, on the other hand—and this is what I hope, though it is a long chance—the fine spirit of popular rebellion which came out so nobly against the Reorganization Bill will come out with tenfold force against this new piece of impudent audacity.

The measure may fail, or it may not; no matter. All that now concerns me is that it has been *proposed*. It is an Administration measure, with every available ounce of political pressure put behind it. It is a measure of desperation, the inevitable upshot of five years of government by sleight-of-hand. The country is now liquidating a brief spell of bogus prosperity induced by doubling the national debt, and all the elaborate wizardry of the New Deal has been exploited. There are no more tricks left in the magician's cabinet, no more rabbits in the hat; and the only thing the Administration can find to do is to try palming off the old original fraud of pump-priming once more, in the frantic hope

that a few more billions will carry the election this autumn, and thus will jerry-build the New Deal's prestige out of its own débris.

To think what utter degradation our public affairs have been brought to, when such a proposal can be put out on the heels of the Reorganization Bill! However, I shall not discuss it, because I am mentioning it only for the sake of the record; not my record, for that is unimportant, but the record of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*. This magazine has held consistently to the simple truth which every farmer knows, that a pump won't stay primed; the next time you go for water, you must prime it again. Furthermore, this truth being as simple and invariable as it is, *THE MERCURY* has held that, by consequence, those who deny or disparage that truth must be either fools or knaves. Also, by consequence, if anyone of apparently sound mind can be shown to have a large personal interest in denying it, the presumption is that he is a knave rather than a fool; and, by consequence again, if he indulges this interest at great cost and damage to the public welfare, he is a knave of the very first water. The editor permits me to say that *THE MERCURY*'s steadfast opposition to the New Deal's spendthrift poli-

cies, and its utter detestation of all and sundry who are responsible for those policies, rest on this one piece of extremely simple logic, and on nothing else.

But, getting back to the subject with which I began these notes, a citizen's own government is, after all, the only one against which he needs protect himself first, last and all the time. Only occasionally, if ever, does he need protection against any other, but if he does not protect himself against his own government twenty-four hours a day, it will eat him alive; and the only way he can protect himself is

by the assiduous cultivation of a hawk's eye and a tiger's temper.

Americans, as I have shown, are fully capable of doing this, and they keep themselves in practice at it, but there seems to be no convincing them that the place for steady practice is at home. If today they lavished on their own government one-half the vigilance, distrust and burning hatred which they now dissipate on government in Russia, Spain, Germany, Italy, and the world in general, they would have at any rate a harmless government, and even very likely a good one.



ADVICE TO A WILFUL EXECUTIVE

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON

The habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution in those intrusted with its administration to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department, to encroach upon another.

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

The Vanishing American Symbol

MUCH journalistic use is made nowadays of the various symbols of nationhood. Every newspaper and periodical carries references to the Swastika, the Fasces, the Rising Sun, and each of these ideographs is rich in meaning and implication. However ignorant a man may be of the deeper issues and subtle undercurrents of international affairs, he is conditioned to respond vigorously to these simple Symbols. They are the rallying-devices for the mass of modern man, and the short-cuts by which he thinks. A hammer and a sickle represent a whole philosophy and way of life; a lion represents an empire. And from Alaska to Florida, from California to Maine, an eagle is the token for a place and a tradition which we designate America.

There is hardly a prouder talisman on earth, or one more fraught with implication and significance, than this great white-headed bird which woodsmen call the Bald Eagle and which ornithologically is *Haliaeetus Leucocephalus*. For

generations it has been a profoundly meaningful symbol to millions of American men and women, a visible token not only of a nation but also of a national spirit; and it has taken on, through the years, a freight of meaning hardly less than that of the national flag. In many a phrase and allusion it has become a part of the language, as when we say of a rabble-rousing orator that he is "making the eagle scream", and it has permeated all our manners and customs. On both silver and paper currency are delineations of this national bird, and the same device recurs in seals, on documents of state, on innumerable emblems and insignia and even articles of commerce. Everywhere through America are eagles beyond counting, save only in one place. The place where this sinister dearth occurs is the sky and woodland and treetop which we are wont to call, with massive irony, the eagle's "native haunt".

When Audubon was travelling through the great American forests there were eagles in plenty, soar-

ing down wind in silent majesty, crying their great cry by the lonely lakes and waterways where they hunted fish. In the tall timber their bulky nests of sticks were to be found in abundance, and a man might go forth on any autumn day in confidence of seeing the dark-feathered young ones trying their wings and learning skill in foraging. It was fitting that this stately bird, so plentiful on our continent and so impressive to behold, should be made a national symbol of the land.

It may be left to psychologists to unriddle, if they can, the unique propensity of human beings for flouting with the one hand the things to which they render homage with the other. It is an unpleasing spectacle, as old as the race, and endlessly exemplified. It is the practice which we have followed from earliest days in our attitude toward the eagle. A century ago the muskets were already shattering the forest silences and we were already well launched on our twin programs of exalting the eagle and destroying him. Greater and greater grew American pride in this noble bird which symbolized our country and our heritage, and greater and greater grew the number of eagles which we annually slaughtered. There was no farm boy who

did not count it his privilege and duty to blaze away with a shotgun at the great spread-winged birds that hovered above his acres, and no woodsman so lacking in spirit that he did not enjoy climbing up to the bulky nests in the treetops and clubbing the parent eagles that responded to their nestlings' cries. It was a stirring and excellent sport, this contest of men against the eagles, and it appears to have been supposed that the number of the birds was inexhaustible.

It is a part of the American tradition to think of ourselves as a doughty people, possessed of considerable hardihood and courage, and it is perhaps on that account that we long ago began to build up a curious folklore around the eagle. It began to be said that this great hook-beaked bird was a creature of formidable ferocity and strength, harboring a wicked malevolence toward all mankind. It was, in short, a dangerous adversary, worthy of a strong man's mettle. Year after year we gave strength and reality to this concept by recounting tales illustrative of the bird's awful physical strength and dreadful depredations. Children, it was recounted, were seized at play by swooping eagles and carried off in those steel-strong talons to lonely mountain eyries and de-

voured. Lambs and goats and white-tailed deer were whisked off the surface of the earth, with only a whirl of enormous wings to warn them and only a terrible harsh scream hovering on the air for requiem. We built our folk-concept of the eagle with the same picturesque inventiveness that was employed in the creation of Paul Bunyan, and we went about our butchery of the bird with the heartening conviction that we thus performed a deed of quite heroic stature. There was a fresh delight in doing battle with this yellow-eyed and bloody-taloned devil.

The old folklore has never died. In 1938 the newspapers still periodically publish dispatches from remote hamlets, telling how a farm lad has been set upon by an eagle and transported to the forest fastnesses, or how a deer has been felled by a single blow from these tremendous talons. The ornithologists continue to point out wearily that an adult specimen of the bird weighs only from eight to twelve pounds, and that the diet consists almost exclusively of fish, but ancient and treasured legends do not readily perish. The national way of thinking does not quickly change, and it has been, too, to the interest of certain makers of munitions to see that the hoary fables

are kept alive. And so it has come about that as a people we have continued to follow our same queer bifurcated course—exalting the eagle whole-heartedly as symbol of our homeland and hunting him ruthlessly for our private entertainment.

We have been brought, by our rapacity and our delusions, to a ridiculous and also tragic pass, and it is this: that we are faced with the imminent likelihood of becoming a country whose proud National Emblem stands for something that does not exist. This richly farcical dilemma, wherein a people will perforce vaunt as their country's insignia a creature which they have extirpated from the country by their own unthinking violence, is no remote improbability. The dwindling of the great forests would itself have made conservation of the eagle a real problem, but it is guns and poisoned bait and inadequate game-laws that have brought the problem to a crisis. Not long ago a questionnaire was sent to the Game Commissioners of the United States, to learn from these gentlemen the number of pairs of bald eagles nesting in each State, and the answers to this query make a bleak document. There are no eagles whatever nesting now in Arkansas, and none in

Colorado, nor in West Virginia, nor in Pennsylvania, nor in North Dakota . . . the list is very long. A man may travel now from California to the shores of Puget Sound — along that coastal region of the northwest where once the great birds throve in thousands — and never see the shadow of a wing or hear the stirring stridence of that screaming cry.

It is a superb and fascinating creature, this great-winged raptorian that the white man found in such abundance on our continent. With wings outstretched it may cover a spread of more than seven feet, from the one tip to the other, and in flight it affords a spectacle of incomparable wild beauty. The man who has ever stood on the shore of a lonely lake, or in the twilit silence of a forest, and listened to the edged scream of an eagle whose haunt is there, will not quickly get the sound out of his ears; nor will he like to think that there is apt soon to come a time when that voice will be forever silenced in our American wilderness. It will seem a strange day to many a countryman when the last of the “eagle trees” — those

towering oaks and elms and maples wherein the eagles rear their broods year after year — has been cut down, and when there is never any longer to be found in the forest a great bole limed and whitened by the droppings of a decade. With the eagle will pass our last link with the America that the forefathers knew — that land where the earth was a good earth, fecund and clean, and not yet pillaged and laid waste — and where the sawmill had not yet despoiled the sanctuary of the forest.

We are sensitive to being laughed at, we Americans, and it is possible we may take desperate steps, at last, to ensure that our National Emblem shall not become a symbol of the non-existent. It is possible that fear of ridicule may move us, where no amount of sober urging could. It is earnestly to be hoped that this is so. It is to be hoped that we may desist a moment from our worried preoccupation with the other national symbols of the day — the Swastika, the Fasces, the Rising Sun — and may give serious notice to the problem of our own.





POETRY

TEARS FOR MY COUNTRY

BY WINONA MONTGOMERY GILLILAND

THIS is the twilight hour, the moment before
We are swallowed by the dark.
Our vision is dimmed; we are tired
And long for ease.
We neglect our vital spark —
That burning love for freedom which once lit
Our blackest nights — and now we fumble,
Confused and fearful, hearing our
Foundations crumble.

Craven, we seek a leader, who will raise
A torch and make our pathway smooth again;
Forgetting that within us sleeps a fire
Sufficient, in itself, to make us men.

OCCASIONALLY DESPAIRING

BY LOUIS STODDARD

MY TONGUE curls around the word that is your name.
My memory wears it like an amulet of luck.
I mark your passing as I mark the sunlight
That follows the stain of clouds across March fields
And is followed by other shadows.
This is the old procession, the pageantry of our lives
Which, because I am a sentimental idiot

Like the rest of my asinine race,
 I have done my share of crying over;
 But I am done with that.
 Only occasionally, alone, despairing,
 My arms remember the old deep-seated habit
 And lift their length skyward, palms spread and begging
 A crumb of speech, one word's encouragement.
 It is soon over. Once I am become aware
 Of what my hands have been doing in the mind's absence,
 The hands are snatched to the sides, clenched;
 The mind chidden for its sorry lapse.
 Yet still, like children naming their pebbles diamonds,
 My tongue curls around the word that is your name.
 My memory wears it like an amulet of luck.
 It is hung for a fetich in a niche of the brain,
 To turn to in troublesome times.

HOUSE OF CLAY

BY BYRON HERBERT REECE

THIS house of clay I call my body stands
 Too near the road where travelers pass and call
 For bread and meat, and eat with greedy hands
 Till they are full and I have none at all.
 And many times when purple shadows fall
 They come unasked and will not be denied
 Their sleep; so I must give them room and hall
 And go myself and sleep on the outside.
 A house divided shall not stand, they say,
 So how shall this, my house, fall not asunder
 That keeps beneath its roof the priest and whore?
 I think that I shall enter it some day
 And sweep it clean of its dejected plunder
 And quietly draw the blinds and bolt the door.

THE LIBRARY

The Old South Myth

BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

MYTHS are a form of religion. They are the wistful aspirations of a disappointed and unsatisfied people, designing in their hearts a society and a country of illusion into which they may retreat from intolerable reality. But, since vaulting imagination is not a characteristic of the mass-mind, there will be found in every myth, however deeply-overlaid with the swathings of fancy, a core of truth.

One of the oldest myths, and one of the most durable, surviving the stresses and the researches of at least two and a half millenniums, is the Myth of the Lost Atlantis. Atlantis was a fabulous country, where all the men were valiant and all the women fair, a land flooded with sunlight. It was ornamented with stately buildings and chryselephantine works of art, and on it broke no winter weather nor any rain. It lay somewhere west of the Pillars of Hercules, the Greeks say; or a little off the coast of Brittany, claim the Basque

poets; or on the shores of Tintagel, assert the Cornishmen; but the Irish identify it with the Green Isle of Erin. So long before Herodotus that even the Father of History had only the rumor of it, some cataclysmic calamity overwhelmed Atlantis, and the cruel sea swallowed it, and there was left to wistful men its memory, like the echo of silver bells, and the afterglow of sunset. It is the Garden of Hesperides in the Argive quests; it is the pleasant land of Avalon in the Arthurian Legend: and when the British common soldier in the First World War said of his comrade, He has gone West, it was the Lost Atlantis he designated: a sector of good billets, where there was no weary marching, no keening flail of machine-gun fire, no trench-feet and no diarrhea, and no wet wind nor trumpets in the morning.

Today, prosaic investigators, pondering the theories of Continental Drift and other grossly physical matters, conclude that the

Atlantic Ocean covers a drowned continent. Thus science endorses a race-memory that has resisted the erosion of time.

In such affection for myth and fable, the American people are in no way apart from the rest of the world. They are not old enough to have erected such hero-tales as those of Jason and the Golden Fleece, of Arthur and his Table Round, of the Nibelungs, or of Cuchulin and Maeve and Gráinne of the Bright Breasts; for the great myths are of slow growth and require the patina that only the centuries award. Yet the Americans have done pretty well with the material and the inspirations the New World laid before them. The sturdy cutting which, transplanted, is growing into the Paul Bunyan saga, probably comes from northern Europe, and might be traced through Grimm and others to very ancient roots. The Davy Crockett legend and Johnny Appleseed are native American. The cult of Lincoln sprouted native American, but it has become infused with the Messiah mythos, and takes on a universal quality: worship of the Redeemer is native to no country, but the property of the world; and at least two such myths are now in process of formation along what is called, in the chancelleries, the

Rome-Berlin Axis. But the myth I would here examine is the myth of the Old South, which, it seems to me, has become a variant of the Lost Atlantis, with elision of the consonant-sounds, touches of local color, a regional architecture, and rather more of a demonstrable basis of fact.

When the man named D. D. Emmett wrote the song *Dixie*, the Myth of the South was already established and flourishing. For the people sent out in the Seventeenth Century by the magnates of the Virginia Company and the Lords Proprietors had steered South of West from the Lizard, and set their gear ashore in quiet estuaries where broad tidal rivers came down to the bright warm sea. Here the sun shone nearly every day in the year: little frost and less snow occurred; and the crops sprang willingly from the rich dark earth. Venturing farther Southward, the pioneers came into more sun, and longer growing-seasons. It was a great and ample land, that ran westward illimitably. The languors of the climate did not induce to toil; they tempted rather to geniality and contemplation. But then, there was not so much need of toil: living was easy.

Presently there was set among these people the guileless African,

brought out to the Americas by godly men, for his soul's health and a profit of forty English pounds a head, and Sambo did the heavy work. When the colonists, after the invariable habit of mankind in all ages and all places, began to sort themselves into the acquisitive groups who get ahead, and the other groups who don't, life for all of them remained relatively easier and less exacting than it was to the northward. There was leisure for all, whether you owned a thousand slaves like King Carter over at Corotoman, or worked your headright acres between your own plow handles, or cobbled shoes for the gentlemen in Williamsburg. And all hands met in high content at the race meetings, as they do to this day in the pleasant horse-country around Warrenton.

II

These Southern Colonies were settled, says the Myth, by the gentry and the younger sons of the nobility, by gentleman adventurers and gay cavaliers; while behind every Southerner stood blue blood, bright steel, and good red wine.

None of this is true; and Southern research men have been no way

behind Northern investigators in establishing the facts. "Almost without exception the permanent settlers in America — FFV's, *Mayflower* passengers, Knickerbockers, and Quakers — were drawn from the middle and lower classes, from the aggressive, the dissenter, the ne'er-do-well, the under-privileged, and the maladjusted. The aristocrat whose birth and heritage gave him a stake in the old order had no reason for uprooting himself." Thus Mr. Dixon Wecter, in his very sound and entertaining *Saga of American Society*¹; and he proceeds thoroughly to document his conclusions. Mr. Wecter, by the way, was born in Houston in East Texas, and educated in Texas schools. Mr. James Truslow Adams, of New England, in his *Provincial Society*², is no more explicit: "the entire population of the Colonies, English or foreign, and practically without exception, were from the middle or lower classes." A Virginian, Professor T. J. Wertenbaker, is as definite on the Southern cavalier tradition, which has a frail factual basis in the English civil wars: "The wide-spread belief that during the years from 1645 to 1660 Virginia was the refuge of large numbers of Cavaliers

¹ *The Saga of American Society*, by Dixon Wecter. \$4.00. Scribners.

² *Provincial Society, 1690-1763*, by James Truslow Adams. \$4.00. Macmillan.

is entirely without foundation in fact." Mr. Wecter finds, also, that "the Fairfaxes of Greenway Court in Virginia are the one family of long domicile in America which has held an undisputed place in the British peerage". The English origin of the Virginia Carters—King Carter the tidewater magnifico owned 300,000 acres of land, 3000 slaves, and a library of 1500 volumes—is unknown. And the Virginia Lees: were they from the Lees of Ditchley, or the Shropshire Lees? It is not established; nor have the Lees themselves been greatly concerned about it.

Common origins, and plain ones, are cheerfully conceded by the South. We come back to the matter of climate, and of economics, which follows hard upon it: and to the ancient truth that men always seek the easiest way to get along. The South evolved an agrarian system, set its roots into the land. Tenure of land became the measure of station and importance in the community. There were no industrial minds among the Southerners. Even when they came to fight against annihilation in their War of Independence, there were no industrial minds among them.

An agrarian civilization follows a consistent pattern. At its base it is feudal, the most ancient of all civ-

ilizations. Its units group themselves around leading men. It has nourished things very fine and things very base. It breeds pride: a pride of responsibility, and a pride of service: and it may breed the pride of station, vapid and senseless, against which France rose very terribly in the Seventeen-Nineties. It breeds also loyalty, the loyalty of the clan to its chief; and if that loyalty goes from the top downward as well as from the bottom upward, it is the finest thing in the world. Since agrarianism waits upon the seasons and the soil, it is not in a hurry. It has a sense of time and a sense of proportion, which are lessons the earth teaches the man who lives close to it. There flourish in it the qualities called manly virtues: a competence against the elements, a familiarity with violence—that is, a man is able to build a fire out-of-doors in the rain, and to ride a horse, and to shoot a gun. (One recalls here the ancient precept of the Great King: his sons should learn to ride, to shoot the bow, and to speak the truth.)

Women had their places in the establishment: they were the keepers of the hearth, with all the implications of that ancient assignment. Their responsibilities ranged from the administration of a plan-

tation in the absence of the gentlemen, to the cooking of the victuals in an open fireplace. In some aspects, the South was a matriarchy. The agragrians and the pastorals go in for hearty sports: in the South they knew the streams and the woods; they raced horses and they fought cocks: just as in Ivanhoe's England they tilted in knightly spear runnings, and in my lifetime I have observed with admiration the fiestas we called tournaments, where you ride a horse at full gallop to snatch a succession of tiny rings on a long thin rod: and crown a Queen of Youth and Beauty after: it is a thing that requires great skill in hands and horseflesh, and an approach to women.

But it is idle to argue for a dead thing; one can only mourn it. You remember that Pericles said in the Funeral Oration—surely one of sublime utterances of all time—"Now when you have mourned a while, return to your homes and take up your daily tasks." The pre-war society of the South was in sober fact the most graceful, the most cultivated, and the most attractive way of living this hemisphere has seen. But it had in its foundations two things out of the elder earth, that had outlived their

usefulness: slavery and agrarianism. When they went, as they were bound to go, war or no war, the whole edifice went with them.

As to the fact underlying the fancy, there is Judge Robert Selph Henry's *Story of the Reconstruction*¹: the Judge, a Tennessean, had a comment to make on the statement of President S. S. Greene to the National Teacher's Association—President Greene having gone South with the vultures at the end of the war, to lift up the dark children of Freedom—that "the old slave States are to be new missionary ground . . . we can not only teach the negroes but can emancipate the poor whites whom ignorance has kept so long in bondage". Said the Judge:

"Mr. Greene has but echoed the most mischievous of all legends about the South, largely created and kept alive by romantic Southerners, that the population of the South was strictly stratified into aristocrats, poor white trash, and negroes.

"A people leave upon the land the marks of themselves and their way of life. Not all ante-bellum homes of the South are mansions or cabins. The land is dotted today with others, thousands of them, not large but comfortable and sim-

¹ *Story of the Reconstruction*, by Robert Selph Henry. \$5.00. Bobbs-Merrill.

ple . . . ; not the white-porticoed mansion of romance but such houses as the two-story frame in Tennessee where the heroic boy Sam Davis lived and is buried; or those cottages in Virginia from which came a nation's leaders; or the low, simple cottage in Kentucky where Jefferson Davis was born; . . . or plain old Liberty Hall in Georgia where Alex Stephens discoursed with his friends; or any one of thousands of others inhabited by men lost to fame.

"People built those houses and lived in them — real people, neither nabobs nor mean whites, but substantial middle-of-the-road folk of the sort to whom it is absurd to attempt to stick such thought-saving labels as cotton aristocracy or poor white trash."

The Southern Myth dwells lovingly on plantation life, ever the stand-by of the mammy-singers, who have formed so many American opinions and conceptions. You know the stuff: rather poor technicolor production, against a backdrop of blooming fields, with slicked-up Harlem types singing spirituals at the foot of the steps, and inside the Great House, elegant Hollywood types treading stately measures to a syncopation of violins; Miss Honey-Chile withdraws to elope with the virtuous

Yankee schoolmaster, and the young gentlemen withdraw to shoot each other in the back garden — all most delightfully depraved and polite.

From a study of the tax returns, you observe that a few of these plantations were the size of a Texas county, but more were in the relative proportions of a New England farm. Nor does the picture include Old Master, worried half to death in his little office over his mortgages and the absence, or excess, of precipitation on his crops; nor Old Mistress calculating among the violins the amount of ham and sidemeat left in the smoke house; shuddering at the crash of a Wedgwood platter, fumbled by Lucindy in the pantry; wondering if that pickaninny in the quarters has croup, or just an ordinary sore throat. "Freedom — it's we who are freed. We belonged to our negroes!" Judge Henry quotes one Virginia mistress. And the scientist Joseph Le Conte, of South Carolina College, states: "The end of slavery took from the white people an intolerable burden."

And slavery itself, the "Peculiar Institution," as the orators called it? The census returns of 1850 show that some 384,000 whites, in a population of 8,000,000 (Southerners) owned 3,800,000 slaves.

Less than 300 planters owned 200 darkies or more; 2300 owned between 100 and 200; some 200,000 owned up to ten; 77,000 owned one slave each. Some of the most conspicuous Southerners owned none at all. R. E. Lee's wife inherited the slaves of her father, the Custis of Arlington, and Lee manumitted them, in accordance with the Custis will, in 1863. Jeb Stuart owned no slaves. The list could be expanded indefinitely; and it would include the rank and file of the men who bore arms for the South in that war.

Mr. Ford Madox Ford, an accomplished writer and gardener, tells in his rambling but extremely readable book *The Great Trade Route*¹, how, last year, a sturdy English artisan, out of work indefinitely, came into his office, discussed the trends of the times with intelligence, flung his fists to heaven, and deplored that he was not born a serf with an iron collar around his neck six hundred years before this present advanced era of the world. In some aspects more fortunate, the chattel-slaves had no thought for the morrow, what they should eat nor what they should put on; if they were sick, they were visited; and they cowered under no fear of unemployment. Their

views on their condition, in works, not words, may be deduced from their conduct during the War of the Southern Confederacy, when the slavery oligarchs were absent at the front, fighting to keep them enslaved. They just stayed around and attended to the place, until the evangelists of freedom broke in and told them how oppressed they were.

I'm not defending slavery: I'm just thinking of the difference between Uncle Sandy on my Grandfather's farm out of Huntsville, Texas, when that deplorable oligarch owned him; and Uncle Sandy's grandson, whose place of employment has just shut down in Detroit, Michigan, due to conditions Uncle Sandy's grandson doesn't understand at all, and he's forlorn and far from home.

III

Which leads me to the final feature of the Southern Myth: as I have heard it cried from how many rostrums, at how many joint debates and barbecues: "The Confederate battleflag, wrapped in everlasting glory—" (Then all the old gentlemen with the bronze crosses on their lapels would get up in their seats and yell in shrill

¹ *The Great Trade Route*, by Ford Madox Ford. \$3.00. Oxford Univ.

thin voices that made your back-hair stiffen: and the ladies would wipe their eyes. . . .) Thanks to the unique compilation called *The Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* — a multi-volumed government publication — the legend of the Confederate Armies is open to critical examination. Participants, such as E. Porter Alexander and George Cary Eggleston, wrote in their lifetimes critically, rather than romantically, of the operations. In the succeeding generations, other Southerners — I, in a small way, one of them — have examined the legend critically. Contemporary letters show that the Southern soldier himself never pretended to be a knight of the Grail, but indulged in an habitual frankness of comment on his War Lords which would have landed him in the brig, had he served in the France of 1918, no matter what uniform he wore. Only yesterday I examined a letter about Gettysburg, written by an entirely gallant and loyal South Carolina Brigadier, containing remarks on the strategy and tactics of General Lee which would get him ostracized in Richmond today, were he alive: he died out in front of his men at Spottsylvania Court House

the next spring.¹ And however you evaluate them, the proved facts of the Civil War are sufficiently exciting. No amount of legend-sifting will detract from the soldierly virtues of the Confederate soldier.

General J. F. C. Fuller, English commentator,² whose delight is to shatter images and to seek the truth, says of the Southern fighting man, "Except for his lack of discipline, the Confederate soldier was probably the finest individual soldier the world has even seen." He supports this view by quotations from three professional eye-witnesses: Col. Lyman, a staff officer of the Army of the Potomac; Col. Fremantle, H. M.'s Coldstream Regiment of Guards; General D. H. Hill, sometime Army of Northern Virginia. The lack of discipline noted, General Fuller says, manifested itself chiefly in straggling, before and after a battle. Not during battles. But even General Fuller, with the records before him, fails to comprehend the complete and all-pervading incompetence of the Confederate subsistence and supply departments. The grey soldier in the field was neither fed, clothed, nor shod, as armies understand those terms; only the Confederate Ordnance department, un-

¹ *New Light on Gettysburg*, by Milledge Louis Bonham. Hamilton Univ.

² *Grant and Lee; A Study in Personality and Generalship*, by J. F. C. Fuller. \$3.00. Scribners.

der that great staff officer Gorgas, approached efficiency. The man left the ranks to eat, and he returned to fight. Yet food and clothing in adequate quantity existed in the South. Official returns of April 1, 1865, show 4,000,000 rations in the Richmond-Lynchburg-Danville-Greensboro area, enough to have fed Lee's starving army for three months; and at the time of the evacuation of Richmond there were warehoused in the city under North Carolina control 90,000 uniforms.¹ The stuff was simply not distributed.

As to the morale of the people behind the army, that part of the Southern Myth dissolves into vapor. The seceding states were never a unit in their desire for secession, or in their support of the war, or in their views on the conduct of the war. Both Lee and J. E. B. Stuart—to mention two high officers—set down in their private letters the opinion that their people did not support the armies to the extent of their means. Jefferson Davis expended, I consider, more energy cajoling his State governors into line than in fighting the enemy: he had to. It is a sad paradox that the principle of States Rights, which created the

Confederacy, made it impossible for it to form a united front, even in its battle for existence. The sorry details are discussed in a recent book² by Charles H. Wesley. I don't know whether Mr. Wesley is a Southerner or not; but he writes a scholarly thesis, and his sources are Southern sources. There is abundant evidence to show that large sections of the Confederate population, both of the small fraction our Northern critics call the slave-holding oligarchy, and of the rest, gave and suffered and endured as far as any people ever have. The pressures brought upon them from the first were those particularly grinding. Consider the one item of internal medicine: the South produced no quinine—and large sections of it were malarial; no narcotics; no coffee nor tea; no calomel. Quinine, opium, and chloroform were among the first commodities to disappear, and to be placed upon the contraband lists by their practical opponents of the North. It is curious to find J. E. B. Stuart leading his cavalry into Pennsylvania with a shopping memorandum in his saddlebags: his wife desired needles and thread, buttons and hooks-and-eyes: none left any-

¹ *State Rights in the Confederacy*, by F. L. Owsley. \$2.50. Univ. Chicago.

² *Collapse of the Confederacy*, by Charles H. Wesley. \$2.15. Associated Publishers.

where—hard on a wife and mother. The thing that flailed the South was the first of the Totalitarian Wars, which this generation sees today in horrid flower. They faced it with the courage of the Age of Chivalry; but there were not enough of them who faced it: and their code was outmoded.

With all the evidence in hand, I submit that what the Southern soldier did is amazing. Disaster and crumbling faith behind him; a resolute, resourceful enemy in front, whose strength, Antaeus-like, renewed itself after every fall; he held out as long as the German Empire did, and against relatively greater odds. For the soldier aspect of the Southern Myth, you may strike off as prejudiced the Southern commentators, and read General Hooker, Colonel Lyman, Charles Francis Adams, Swinton: their admiration is rather less restrained: they were proud of a fellow-American. . . . Very fittingly the bronze letters stand upon the wall on your right hand as you go into the Library of the University of Virginia—no group in the South volunteered so unanimously as the young college men:

They shall grow not old as we who
are left grow old.

Age shall not wither them, nor the
years condemn.

But at the setting of the sun, and in
the morning,
We shall remember them. . . .

IV

There was the old saying: "The Blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the Church." Nothing flourishes without opposition. After the War, the Southerners bowed with fortitude, and on the whole, with dignity, to military defeat, desiring only to rebuild their lives in the desolation the war left them. The fight had gone to a military decision, and both sides had had enough of killing. But the Northern brethren would not have it so. Led by Ben Wade and Thaddeus Stevens, and other vindictives, they imposed the Reconstruction. Strictly speaking, the Reconstruction is beyond the province of this discussion on the Southern Myth, because the Myth already existed. The Reconstruction merely stimulated it to hardier blooming. The conquered have long memories, and Judge Henry's book sets forth with candor and admirable restraint what they were given to remember: and its fruits are with us now. Pondering the whole matter, I am led to wonder, who surrendered at Appomattox? I think, all of us.

You walk softly at Appomattox,

where uncouth markers, two miles off the main highway of those parts, indicate the site of the McLean House, and where the trees stand gaunt and somehow aloof from the pleasant Virginia countryside, because of what they saw take place. By Appomattox in the cold mist of the April evenings pass long files of ghosts; and they are not all of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Go forward into the future, to the day when the Industrial Revolution has merged into the Social Revolution. Throughout this Totalitarian Republic all persons will speak with the same accent, by order. The last Georgia oxcart will be housed in a museum as a sample of capitalistic transportation. The natives of the Southern Appalachians (vacation area) will don their quaint native costumes and chew

tobacco for the edification of Party members on tour. The soldier monuments will have been pulled down, lest people remember; all historical reference to chattel-slavery deleted, lest people think; all romantic writing suppressed, lest people dream again. But in corners away from the *Gestapo*, they will whisper: *Once, down there to the South and West, there was a fabulous country, where all the men were valiant and all the women lovely; and people went singing at their toil. They had stately buildings with tall white columns, and their ornaments were ivory and gold. On them the sun shone through the day and the moon was bright in the night time, and the birds made music. . . .* In effect, our Lost Atlantis.

For you will never kill that Myth. Too much of it is true.

THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from front advertising section)

BIOGRAPHY

★★★★ THE GREENWOOD HAT: Being a Memoir of James Anon, by J. M. Barrie. \$2.75. *Scribners*. Barrie in a revealing new biographical device: a dredging-up of the

occasional sketches he did for the public prints over the name of James Anon, in the days of his beginnings; each selection is brought up to date in the light of the after

years. You note that Barrie was Barrie from the first. Forty-five years of writing have brought the things that go with accumulated experience in a medium; but have not ground away his early freshness: a thing both rare and beautiful. The introduction is from the noble hand of the Earl Baldwin of Bewdley.

★★★★ HEINRICH HEINE, PARADOX AND POET: THE LIFE AND THE POEMS, by Louis Untermeyer. 2 volumes. \$6.00. *Harcourt Brace*. If Heine can be translated into English, Louis Untermeyer is the man to do it. He now presents some five hundred poems, and his translations are worthy of being called brilliant original work. The accompanying volume, a biography of the poet, is an engrossing study of the strange, erratic, and unhappy singer. Mr. Untermeyer uses an interesting biographical device in frequently quoting his subject as an authority on his own actions. He brings a new understanding to Heine's paramount personal problem — that of his being a Jew; and is the first biographer to treat frankly of the disease, syphilis, which racked the poet all his life and finally killed him.

★★★ KING GEORGE VI, by Hector Bolitho. \$2.00. *Lippincott*. Urbane and loyal account of the life and acts, to date, of George VI. From this and from other accounts, he seems a modest, sensible gentleman; and in this day when so many heads of government are neither modest nor sensible nor gently disposed, it is a relief to contemplate the English King.

★★★ CHARLES LAMB, by Edmund Blunden. \$1.25. *Macmillan*. Another volume of the Cambridge Miscellany, this life of Lamb is a competent and scholarly piece of work, though not distinguished.

★★★ COMPOSERS IN AMERICA, by Claire Reis. \$3.50. *Macmillan*. Twenty-five years of American composers — 1912–1937; musicians who, whether born in this

country or abroad, have done their work here, interpreting the American scene. Two hundred persons now living are considered, from Achron, Joseph; to Woltmann, Frederick. For each there is a biographical sketch, with the record of fellowships, awards, and commissions; phonograph and radio contributions, and major performances. The selection is limited to men and women who write in the larger forms; orchestral, choral, state works, and the like. For interested parties, a valuable reference work.

★★★ THE LIVING TORCH, by A. E. Edited by Monk Gibbon. \$4.00. *Macmillan*. An affectionate and graceful sketch of the late Mr. Russell by a man who loved him; and a collection of his fugitive writings. If he had left nothing else, these scraps would prove him to have been one of the most gifted persons of his time.

★★★ PEPITA, by V. Sackville-West. \$3.00. *Doubleday, Doran*. Pepita was a glamorous Spanish dancer, mistress, and, as they say, common-law wife to one of England's most distinguished diplomats, when good Queen Victoria set the patterns of behavior; the affair had its remarkable aspects. A daughter of the union, Victoria Sackville-West, was her father's hostess at H B M Embassy in Washington in the virtuous era of President Arthur, and there were no doors closed to her: her father was recalled after a brilliant tour of duty in Washington, but it was because he was held to have dabbled in American politics. Here Miss Sackville-West, granddaughter and daughter respectively, sets forth their stories, with customary vivacity. It is Victoria that will be remembered, rather than Pepita, but unusual material marks the lives of both. You are reminded that fiction has to be probable, while the truth is under no such hard necessity.

★★★ VICTORIAN CRITICS OF DEMOCRACY, by Benjamin E. Lippincott. \$3.75.

University of Minnesota Press. Notes and critical comments on the intellectuals — Carlyle, Ruskin, Arnold, Stephen, Maine, Lecky — who raised much fury in the nineteenth century by their attacks on the common man's ability to rule. Today, such thoughts are held un-American, if not worse. We see democracy in the saddle in such areas as the United States, France, and Great Britain: Carlyle and his contemporaries are long since dust. Yet they discerned a certain handwriting on the wall, written in somber ink. Could they live again in these United States, A.D. 1938, they might prove difficult to defeat in argument. After all, is the New Deal a true monument to democracy? . . . Professor Lippincott's book is dedicated to Professor Harold J. Laski, a leading advocate of Socialism. An omen, perhaps.

★★★ MARK TWAIN: A PORTRAIT, by Edgar Lee Masters. \$2.75. *Scribners.* A portrait based apparently on the ascertainable facts; and those facts interpreted ruthlessly, with neither charity nor tolerance. Mr. Edgar Lee Masters concedes that Mark Twain "was above the others for having written beautiful pages about the lives of boys, about the Mississippi. For the rest, he was a clown, with a clown's reward in money, and in a popularity that needed his sensational interviews and articles, his white suits and princely ways of life, to continue him as a figure". It is a capable piece of work. But you remark that Mr. Edgar Lee Masters is terribly embittered about something.

★★ SEQUOYAH, by Grant Foreman. \$1.50. *University of Oklahoma Press.* A brief sketch of the life and works of George Guess, called Sequoyah, the Cadmus of the Cherokees. Of the native American tribes, the Cherokees had advanced somewhat beyond the Stone Age; and might have advanced farther if permitted by the paleface. Sequoyah was the most enlightened of them, and therefore perhaps the saddest,

but he did what he could for his people. The book is documented and indexed, and is a special piece of printing.

★★★ CLEOPATRA, THE STORY OF A QUEEN, by Emil Ludwig. \$3.50. *Viking Press.* Herr Ludwig is notable as a romanticist, and his output is heavy indeed, encompassing many books and many characters. Historical accuracy, therefore, is not one of his fetishes: time runs too fast. And so with Cleopatra, the Queen. On a framework of fact, the romanticist has hung a gaudy story of what may have happened many centuries ago: but it is more fiction than biography. Accepted as such, it has its points, and sex is not the least of them. No doubt that was the greatest jewel in Cleopatra's diadem.

★ UNFLINCHING: A DIARY OF TRAGIC ADVENTURE, by Edgar Christian. \$1.50. *Funk & Wagnals.* From 1926, when the eighteen-year-old author and two others set out to trap and explore the Barren Lands of Northwest Canada, until 1929 no word of the adventures reached the outside world. The Summer of the latter year a Canadian mounted police patrol found this diary beside the skeletons of the three men. It is a stark record of gruesome suffering and starvation in the sub-zero cold.

EVERYBODY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Gertrude Stein. \$3.00. *Random House.* Words, words, words. Could publicity be the clue?

MISCELLANEOUS

★★★★ JOHN OF THE MOUNTAINS, Unpublished Journals of John Muir, edited by Linnie Marsh Wolfe. \$3.75. *Houghton Mifflin.* In these stray records and fragments John Muir shows forth more clearly than ever as an authentically great nature-mystic and a writer of rare distinction, "whose memory is destined to be ever with the silent places". Mrs. Wolfe has performed her job admirably, and this hand-

some book should take permanent place among the few genuine American classics of outdoors.

★★★THE LOST BATTALION, by Thomas M. Johnson and Fletcher Pratt. \$3.00. *Bobbs, Merrill*. Not many individual episodes emerged from the vast anonymity of the First World War, but the Lost Battalion was one that broke through the veils and entered into legend. It was not a Battalion, but a task-group containing elements of seven infantry companies. It was not "lost" in the sense of being mis-laid, for its Brigade and Divisional command knew its location all the time: or "lost" in the sense of being mis-led, for its Commanding Officer carried out his orders and conducted it to the place those orders indicated. Its hard adventures were such as come upon young soldiers, learning the lessons of war. Its behavior was in all respects creditable to American arms. This account, compiled by Mr. Johnson, a war correspondent experienced in military research, and by Mr. Fletcher Pratt, a versatile and clever writer, is drawn wholly from original American and German sources: a most interesting, and I think admirable, experiment in reporting.

★★★THE NAVY: A HISTORY, by Fletcher Pratt. \$4.00. *Doubleday, Doran*. A popular history of the Navy. Mr. Pratt is a writer of unusual vivacity, and his descriptions of seafights are most vivid. His character sketches of our naval worthies have life and color. His feeling is for the sea and for men who use the sea rather than for naval technique: but this is correct in a popular history, and the story of the United States Navy is a fine and human story from any standpoint. There is a certain carelessness with collateral material, as, for example, the account of the Fort Fisher Expeditions: there were two distinct ones, the first a striking example of how not to do it, and the second a perfect model of the joint operation. On the broad picture,

however, Mr. Pratt is sound enough. The book is timely and deserves wide reading.

★★★SNOW ON THE EQUATOR, by H. W. Tilman, \$3.00. *Macmillan*. Life and mountaineering in Africa, set forth in entertaining style to the accompaniment of superb photographs. When English adventurers write well, they write extraordinarily well, and Mr. Tilman ranks with the best of them.

★★★FEARFULLY AND WONDERFULLY MADE, by Renee von Eulenberg-Wiener. \$3.50. *Macmillan*. A comprehensive and profound treatise on the human organism, illuminating a myriad of matters from bio-molecules to the physiology of breathing. Not a "popular" work, this is a thorough, lucid, and well-integrated study of the human creature in terms of modern science.

★★★COLLECTIVISM, by William Henry Chamberlin. \$2.00. *Macmillan*. Clear-thinking on the governmental and economic system which has swept Europe into dictatorships, and which is daily making greater headway in America. Perceiving little or no difference between the totalitarianism of Russia, Germany, and Italy, the author proceeds to analyze with devastating effect the status of freedom and liberty in these countries. How any sane-minded man, after reading this forceful and intelligent book by a recognized Liberal, can continue to support Sovietism, collective security, New Dealism, Internationalism, and all the other mumbo-jumbo of collectivism, passes the understanding. Parts of the book were originally published in *THE MERCURY*.

★★★NOTES ON A DRUM: TRAVEL SKETCHES OF GUATEMALA, by Joseph Henry Jackson. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. Mr. Joseph Henry Jackson, the energetic and versatile literary critic of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, visits the Republic of Guatemala, and writes with his accustomed vigor and

good sense of what he saw there and where he went and what he did. That little-known land, now not so remote as it was, has genuine antiquity and beauty beyond the other States of Central America. This book inspires the wish to go immediately to Chichicastenango, and blue Lake Atitlan under its volcanos, and those other towns with names like music in the country of the Quetzal-bird: and that is the function of good travel books.

★★★ THE GARDENER'S DAY BOOK, by Richardson Wright. \$2.50. *Lippincott*. Besides being a horticulturist, Mr. Wright is a true countryman who can express himself skillfully and amusingly. Here are 372 pages of valuable garden information, anecdotes, garden history, and short essays, making up a book which has personality, vigor, and charm. When better garden books are written, one suspects, this author will write them.

★★★ THE DECK CHAIR READER, Edited by Harford Powel and Brandt Aymar. \$2.50. *Greenberg*. An unusually good anthology of short reading matter. The editors have contrived to gather together many of the world's best short stories, essays, and poems without including the hackneyed and over-anthologized. The result is a book which belongs in every traveler's suitcase.

★★★ THE TRIAL OF BRUNO RICHARD HAUPTMANN, Edited With a History of the Case by Sidney B. Whipple. \$3.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. Addition to Doubleday's "Noted American Trial" series, comprising some 550 pages of prose and courtroom transcript, to the end that the public may have a clear picture of the Bronx carpenter who committed the Crime of the Century. Mr. Whipple, a journalist, has done a capable job of editing: the Flemington trial unfolds with great clarity and not a little drama; and you weigh the evidence, mostly damning, which sent an incredible criminal to the chair.

★★★ THE SPIRIT OF PARIS, by Paul Cohen-Portheim. \$3.00. *Lippincott*. Portrait of the French capital by the author of *The Spirit of London*, a book which established a high literary reputation. This second metropolitan study is more thorough, more diverse: an analysis of every class and faction which comprises the city. Illustrated with 134 first-rate photographs.

★★★ AN INTELLECTUAL AND CULTURAL HISTORY OF THE WESTERN WORLD, by Harry Elmer Barnes. \$5.00. *Random House*. An impressive book, weighing enough to be a lethal weapon. The offshoot, it would seem, of the author's *History of Historical Writing* — or it might be the other way around. In 1214 pages, he spans the time between the Tertiary Period and A.D. 1937. To read it all will be a task for the long New England Winter; but it rates higher than Mr. H. G. Wells' *Outline*, which was something of history but more of Wells.

★★★ A HISTORY OF GREECE, by J. B. Bury. \$1.25. *Modern Library*. Greece from the Heroic Age to the death of Alexander. An excellent work of reference, aside from the great human story it contains.

★★★ THE ANCIENT WORLD, by Wallace E. Caldwell. \$5.00. *Farrar & Rinehart*. Excellent survey for reference, with the information arranged for availability.

★★ CONNECTICUT. American Guide Series. \$2.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. Competent Baedeker of the Nutmeg State written by that greatest scribbler of them all, the Federal Government.

★★ THIS MUST BE THE PLACE, by Morrill Cody. \$3.00. *Lee Furman*. A description of life in the Montparnasse quarter of Paris, written by one of its celebrated bartenders. Interesting to former habitués.

★★ GLASS HOUSES, by Carleton Beals. \$3.50. *Lippincott*. Mr. Beals is an indefatigable Pink journalist who has gone to

and fro on the earth and walked up and down on it. Here, after the current fashion of all the well-thought-of journalists, he presents a memoir. His predilection would appear to be for the Latins and especially for Mexico, of which he writes as a lover; while he regards Spain, and Italy also, with fervor. He saw Sandino face to face, a boon which many Marines envied him; and he met a lot of girls. He writes entertainingly, and from a long way to the Left.

★★ THE POLITICOS, by Matthew Josephson. \$4.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. The energetic author of *The Robber Barons* examines the great chiefs who led the Republican Party in the lusty years after Appomattox, when the victors fed fat on the spoils; then Cleveland and the glimmerings of reform; and finally the dangerous popular revolt that Bryan led: a period by all odds the most immoral in our history. Yet those cynical and practical politicians had a vitality about them sadly lacking in the thin-voiced Republican leaders of this day: how are the mighty fallen! One presumes that the text has been checked by able counsel against libel suits from outraged descendants.

★★ ROOM TO SWING A CAT: BEING SOME TALES OF THE OLD NAVY, by Lieut. Frederick J. Bell. Foreword by Secretary Swanson. \$3.00. *Longmans, Green*. A pleasant book, not long, nicely illustrated, and quite timely, now that naval affairs engage the attention of the world. It describes the beginnings of the United States Navy, with glimpses of the remarkable officers and men who made our flag respected on the seas; of the ships they sailed and fought; and of the life they lived in them. Much quaint naval lore, and a number of old Navy songs, are included. The author is an active officer in the Navy.

★ THE DARK COMMAND, by W. R. Burnett. \$2.50. *Knopf*. Mr. Burnett, brisk historian of *Little Caesar*, turns from the current gangster types to their equivalent in Bleeding Kansas, immediately before,

and during the Civil War. His principal, Polk Cantrell, is done from the notorious guerilla Quantrill; his town, Provost, is Lawrence, Kansas, scene of one of the most violent episodes of that violent day. Mr. Burnett writes of action with staccato competence, but his reconstruction of old times is less impressive.

★ CHILDREN IN COURT, by Malcolm Hatfield. \$2.00. *Paebar*. Judge Hatfield reports his findings on juvenile delinquents. The specific cases of delinquency are interesting, but the learned judge's conclusions are banal and have little value for the well-informed reader. Typical statement: "Parental attitudes are exceedingly important, because the average child unconsciously adopts views which the parents hold."

★ THE ORIGIN OF LIFE, by A. I. Oparin. \$2.75. *Macmillan*. A Soviet scientist offers a bio-chemical answer to the most venerable of all questions. Few laymen will be able to follow the formidable scientific prose, and many will be irritated by the insistent Kremlinizings: "During different epochs the question (of the origin of life) was answered differently, but this question was always the focal point of a sharp philosophical struggle which reflected the underlying struggle of social classes."

★ AROOSTOOK: OUR LAST FRONTIER, by Charles Morrow Wilson. \$3.00. *Stephen Daye*. Portrait of the Potato Empire in the upper reaches of Maine, with notes on, and photographs of, the independent individualists who operate 7000 farms with a minimum of Utopian assistance.

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE JEWS, by Robert Gessner. \$3.00. *Farrar & Rinehart*. Once more the bogey of Fascism is raised on the pretext that only in a classless society can the problem of anti-Semitism be solved. As immature and adolescent, both in observation and conclusion, as more important slices of the Marxian Uplift.

AMERICANA

ARIZONA

THE playful make-up man of the *Arizona Daily Star* puts these two items in adjoining position:

Theft of nine hens was reported to the sheriff's office yesterday by Mrs. Fred Franklin.

A chicken dinner will be served by Phillips chapel, C.M.E. church today.

Altho her life was one long graze
She paid her debt in many ways.
Some fragrant rose with perfume rare
Enhancing the charm of a maiden fair,
Perchance might have been a wilted bud
If Bossy hadn't chewed her cud.

Insist on MATURE MANURE
from MATRONLY MOO-COWS,
available through Berkeley Fuel
and Supply. Berkeley 8853.

CALIFORNIA

THE Russian ballet trembles for its laurels as real movie art sweeps the country, as reported in *The Talk of Hollywood*:

Walt Disney's "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" is now in the curriculum of ballroom teachers. Lucille Marsh, dance instructress and director of the National Dance League, has created the "Doin' the Dopey". She has also devised a variation for ball-room couples called "The Double Dopey".

THE high-brow town of Berkeley (Athens of the West) is startled to find the following advertisement in the erudite *Daily Gazette*:

The Obituary of Bossy the Cow
Should make some reference to how

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

SENATOR William Gibbs McAdoo, the pride of California, offers his colleagues a new definition of Mexico, according to the scintillating *Congressional Record*:

The opportunity to visit Mexico is one of California's attractions. Mexico is an adjacent area, in the nature, may I say, of a suburb of Los Angeles.

FLORIDA

THE United States Government goes Biblical and lyrical, according to a notice sent to all postmasters from Jim Farley's head man in Tampa:

UNITED STATES POST OFFICE
Tampa, Florida
April 16, 1938.

My Dear Postmaster:

DID YOU KNOW?

The Lord was the originator of the use of Air for the sending of messages?

Message to Noah by dove
(Genesis 8th Chap. 11 v.)

Delivery of packages by air —
the Ten Commandments to Moses
on Mount Sinai

(Exodus 31st Chap. 18 v.)
The transportation of person by
air —

Elijah's departure for Heaven
(II Kings 2nd Chap. 11 v.)

So all peoples no matter what color,
creed, or political affiliation can follow the Lord's lead in this.

DID YOU KNOW?

"airmail speeds romance and business —

None too old to have a heart for
one nor an eye for the other"

ASK ALL YOUR PATRONS TO TRY IT AND
BE CONVINCED

AIRMAIL WEEK — MAY 15-21
Yours for more Airmail,
J. E. WALL, Postmaster.

KANSAS

CRUEL and hard-hearted treatment of 100% American mendicants, as chronicled in the illustrious Topeka *State Journal*:

Several Relief families have moved to Topeka from another county where aid will not be given persons owning and operating motor cars.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

THE dizzy pace of keeping up with the new-fangled styles is breath-

lessly maintained in Rochester, according to the esteemed *Courier*:

Geo. E. Rewitzky was a visitor to Rochester Thursday of last week and, while there, had his semi-annual hair cut and shave.

NEW YORK

THE timorous New York *Herald Tribune* takes time out from pleading the cause of the Spanish Reds to make the prize understatement of the month in referring to an official organ of the Communist Party:

. . . the *New Masses*, a weekly magazine with Communist sympathies.

A WORD of advice and warning to local ladies as recorded in the Clinton *Courier*:

On Thursday the Second Mile Bible Class will have at the parsonage a St. Patrick covered dish supper. Bring your own table service, sandwiches, and husband.

THE Associated Press reports that a learned divine in Buffalo Sees the Light at last:

A crusading pastor practiced on his concertina today preparing for the first "jubilee session" featuring swing music in staid Trinity Church next Sunday.

The Rev. George W. Cooke, who has been crusading against "jam sessions" Sunday afternoons in city

taverns, announced he would hold "jubilee sessions" in the church. The "jubilee sessions" will feature swing music by a church group.

"I want to give these young people a live sort of time," he explained. "We'll play and sing any kind of music they want. And we'll have something to eat, too. I'll show them my kind of a swing lesson."

There'll be music, but no dancing.

"I don't consider that exactly fitting," the Rev. Mr. Cooke declared.

THE whimsical linotyper suggests a new beach sport for Manhattan's plump gals, in the *Herald Tribune*:

The southern strip of land, Mr. Spargo said, would be utilized for beach games, parking, and bust disembarking platforms.

COMRADE HEYWOOD BROWN, the ex-baseball reporter now turned intellectual, delivers an epoch-making opinion in the erudite pages of the *New Republic*:

Communists are good guys and Fascists are not.

OHIO

THE Nazi influence in freedom of reading books is felt in the hitherto one-hundred-per-cent American community of Cable, according to the Associated Press:

Supt. H. F. Tennant of the centralized school at Cable said today he was

not rehired because of a controversy with school board members over his possessing a novel they held was objectionable. Tennant said that the book, *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, disappeared from his desk. Board members called a special meeting to investigate rumors that the book was being read by school students; and then voted three to two, Tennant said, against giving him a contract for next year.

OKLAHOMA

ENLIGHTENED science receives a rude set-back from the hands of an enraged Sooner who writes a letter to the *Oklahoma Times*:

It is with the most profound consternation that I read in Friday's *Oklahoman* that Lindbergh and Doctor Carrel are about to perfect an infernal machine to produce synthetic babies. And I now register my protest against any such thing being allowed to be completed.

They should both be executed at once or placed in solitary confinement the rest of their lives for they are a menace to the happiness and pleasure of the world. Especially the poor man who is now so downtrodden. There is very little pleasure left him, and if they deprive him of the right to be the father of his own children he had better be dead.

Unless our government takes steps to prevent its use in the United States I am going to get initiated a petition to keep it out of Oklahoma. We certainly do not want our fair state to be filled up with foreign-born people.

H. W. SUBLETT.

OREGON

THE editor of the Oregon State College *Barometer* gets a little mixed up with the idiom of a foreign tongue:

OUR LADY EDITOR

Lois Williams will edit next year's *Beaver*. She is the first woman to make the *coup de grace* in publications since Vesta Beckley managed the yearbook in 1930.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Stoic acceptance of the imponderable workings of Fate as exhibited by a Prophet in the town of Florence and reported by the *Morning News* of that enlightened metropolis:

H. R. West and his preaching bazooka were taken for a ride beyond the city limits yesterday morning after he had shouted through his strange pipe-looking megaphone that the end of the world would come at 9:30 A.M. When told by Officer Sam Worrell that he would have to leave the city, he clicked his heels together and stated that the Lord told him to always shake the dust of an unbelieving town from his feet before leaving it.

SOUTH DAKOTA

Lo, the poor Indian, comes under the influence of a New Deal Art-Form, according to the Shannon County *News*:

A WPA physical director was at Pine Ridge Indian Reservation last week and gave some instructions to those interested in learning the new steps used in dancing the Big Apple and the Susie Q. A good time was had by all. Old and young people turned out. The Big Apple dance and other new steps will soon take the place of the rabbit dance.

IN OTHER NEW UTOPIAS

ENGLAND

THE latest British fashion note is revealed by an advertisement in the London *Daily Telegraph*:

Fashionable ladies, why not have your little dog tinted to match your dress for special occasions? Lady has discovered process guaranteed harmless to the most delicate animal, prettiest pastel shades imaginable.

USSR

IRREFRAGABLE proof of democracy in *Führer* Stalin's Wonderland, as set forth by a correspondent of the Paris *Canard Enchaîné*:

It is being said everywhere that the Russian electoral system is the most perfect that has ever been known. Isn't it true that in the so-called democracies a game is made of the elections? That is obvious, because the voter is distracted by having to consider more than one candidate. Hence, there are all kinds of errors and frauds; while here, that is to say, under a single candidate system, there is no possibility of either error or fraud and nobody need complain.

THE OPEN FORUM

SUGGESTING A MORATORIUM ON ALL TAXES

SIR: After six months of meditation on the state of the Union, the President has decided that the only remedy for the Depression into which we have been plunged by the spending spree of the last five years is to initiate a secondary spending spree in order to pep us up through the remainder of his term in office. The cost of this prescription has been variously estimated from four-and-one-half to seven billion dollars, according to the manner in which the books may happen to be juggled; but since every Administrative estimate of prospective expenses has erred, throughout the last five years, upon the side of optimism, we may as well save time and trouble by borrowing ten billion dollars.

This latest presidential prescription presents no great difficulty in the manner of raising the necessary money; but it does present a very great difficulty in the manner of spending it. What we need at the moment is a new idea for distributing ten billions — for spending it in such a way as to afford immediate relief to every citizen of the United States, regardless of his station, and for spending it in such a way as to afford to every industry, both large and small, an immediate stimulus so great as to require a tremendous demand for re-employment.

This appears to be a period of panaceas. Most of them are crackbrained; but many of them have been tried. Consequently, I can see no reason why even such an inconspicuous citizen as myself should hesitate to step forward to suggest a royal road to the millennium. The suggestion which I have to offer is exceedingly simple. It is merely this: — that we shall do nothing

with the ten billion dollars except to use it up from month to month to pay the necessary expenses of the Government of the United States. But since this fund, already deposited in the treasury, will be sufficient to pay all expenses until January, 1941, we shall be able immediately to declare a moratorium on taxes for the next two-and-a-half years.

That is my particular panacea: — *a moratorium on taxes*. The Constitution has intrusted Congress with absolute control of taxes. Consequently, it is within the power of Congress to decree within a single hour a suspension of all Federal taxes for two years and a half. The Federal tax bill for the next fiscal year has been estimated at five billion and three hundred million dollars. Without recourse to statistical investigation, I assume that several hundred millions of that sum are expected to be derived from tariffs, customs, and duties imposed on foreign commerce. These external taxes should, of course, be retained; but all internal taxes could immediately be suspended. By this action, Congress in a single hour could afford an appreciable measure of relief to every citizen of the United States, man, woman, or child, regardless of his financial status. Every citizen is a taxpayer, whether he knows it or not.

But Congress, of course, has no control of taxes imposed by the States or by minor units of our complex government. I suggest, therefore, that the President of the United States should send a letter to the Governor of each of our forty-eight States, beseeching him to call a special session of his legislature in order to follow the lead of Congress in decreeing, for two years and a half, a

moratorium on taxes. If only four or five of the most populous and powerful states should accept this invitation, it would become economically necessary for every other State to climb aboard the band-wagon.

As soon as the tremendous burden of taxation was suspended, the purchasing power of every citizen of the United States, man, woman, or child, both high and low, would be immediately increased by an average of twenty-five per cent. At the same time, the price of every commodity that is in daily demand and is commonly regarded as a necessity of life could immediately be decreased by an average of fifty per cent.

For two years and a half, there would be no corporation taxes of any kind, no excess profits taxes, no capital gains taxes, no estate taxes, no gift taxes, no income taxes, no pay-roll taxes, no nuisance taxes, and — best of all — no hidden taxes! A loaf of bread which now sells for ten cents could be sold, with no diminution of profits, for four cents. A package of cigarettes which now sells for fifteen cents could be sold, tax free, for six cents. The latest models of Ford and Chevrolet and Plymouth could be marketed profitably at two-hundred-and-fifty dollars.

A workman whose stated wages are now sixteen dollars a week would actually receive sixteen dollars instead of paying a considerable fraction into the public Treasury; and an executive whose stated salary is two hundred thousand dollars a year would actually receive two hundred thousand dollars instead of less than half of this theoretic figure: he would easily be able to donate one hundred thousand to private charity.

In recent years the banner corporation of the United States, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, has paid out eight dollars in taxes for every share of stock before paying its established dividend of nine dollars a share. With a moratorium on taxes, its income would be very nearly doubled. The company would thereby be enabled to do three things with-

out a day's delay: first, lower prices to the consuming public; second, employ more laborers and pay them higher wages; and, third, declare extra dividends to more than six-hundred-thousand stockholders, most of whom are thrifty people of very limited means.

The simultaneous occurrence of a vast increase in purchasing power and a drastic cut in the retail prices of all desirable commodities would result in an instant stimulus to business that would be so great as to challenge the ingenuity of our entire nation to keep up with it. The demand for goods would be so vast that every business, large or small, would be forced to employ more people and to employ them at higher wages and shorter hours than are prevalent today. The turnover would be so tremendous that the national income would arise very speedily to that goal of one hundred billion dollars a year which our President contemplated hopefully in one of his most optimistic visions of the future.

An inevitable by-product of this moratorium on taxes would be a moratorium on politics — a consummation devoutly to be wished. Throughout a blessed period of two years and a half, it would be impossible for any public official, high or low, to lay his hands on a single dollar of the public purse. The vast bureaucratic army of tax-collectors, accountants, investigators, and snoopers, could be dismissed from the public pay-roll and sent home to earn an honest living on the ever-expanding pay-rolls of productive industry. WPA could be transformed from an agency of relief to a vast employment agency. It would no longer be necessary to spend hundreds of millions of dollars to create work for able-bodied citizens whose services were sorely needed by industry.

When it would become necessary, in January, 1941, for a new administration to re-impose a system of taxation, the public income would already have been increased to such a point that the percentages of the new taxes could be set considerably below

the present level and could be collected without inducing a paralysis of industry or surpassing the point of diminishing returns. Furthermore, since the entire subject of taxation would be taken out of politics for two years and a half, it could be studied scientifically, throughout that interim, by a committee of accredited experts, who would recommend to the Congress of 1941 a new program which should be just and efficient and non-political.

What is wrong with this panacea? I ask the question frankly. I am not a businessman, and know nothing about business. I am not a financier, and know nothing of finance. I am not an economist, and know nothing of economics. The program which I have projected is so Utopian that I suspect that it must somehow be screwy. There must be a catch in it. Yet, like dear old Doctor Townsend, I have not yet been able to discover the essential error in my imaginative adventure into the alluring regions of a More Abundant Life.

Would it be possible for THE AMERICAN MERCURY to solicit the advice of several outstanding citizens who are eminent for their accomplishments in industry, finance, or economics? Merely as a taxpayer, I should be sincerely interested in their reactions to this admittedly fantastical idea.

CLAYTON HAMILTON

New York City.



VIRGINS FOR HUSBANDS

SIR: A good many years ago, when both our sons were in their teens, my friend Marianna declared to me that she would rather see *her* son dead—"lying in his coffin" were her violent words—than to know that he had ever had sexual relations with any woman before his marriage. She felt so strongly on the subject that her voice actually trembled. "I expect him," she said, "to be every whit as pure as the girl he marries." She was plainly horrified when I admitted that my own views in the matter were far from being in agreement.

Marianna's son, as it turned out, became a Sunday School superintendent at twenty-one and three years later president of a small-town bank. In just what state of innocence this obviously cautious and exemplary young man was preserved up to the time of his marriage several years afterwards, and just what bearing this state may have had on his subsequent marital behavior, I do not know. But when it comes to Marianna's husband, whom she was wont to hold up rather boastfully, I recall, as a man completely virginal at the time of his marriage to her when he was close to thirty, it is a matter of knowledge to everyone but Marianna (and I think of late years even to her), that his philanderings started shortly after their marriage and have continued uninterruptedly up to the present time. In fact Marianna herself, a beautiful and in many ways charming woman, suffers today from the social obloquy which, despite wealth and high professional standing, has fallen upon a man who has approached in succession all of his wife's intimate friends, made overtures to his daughter's school mates when they have visited her, and finally, in his still feverish pursuit of amorous adventures, became involved with waitresses, chambermaids—in all manner of scandalous entanglements.

I grant that this is an extreme instance, yet beyond a doubt, I believe, it bears—if adversely—on one phase at least of the Case for Chastity, of which we are hearing so much nowadays, *viz.*, the article "Chastity on the Campus" in the JUNE MERCURY.

I would be the last, I insist at the outset, to turn devil's advocate and urge for either sex, either before or after marriage, in or outside it, an unbridled licentiousness. If a long life teaches one anything at all—which I confess I sometimes doubt—it teaches that of all possible enrichments of human existence, sex enjoyment, indulged immoderately, is most certain to defeat its own end as a source of pleasure. Yet I am convinced from the experience of my own two widely-different marriages to two very

different husbands, from a lifetime's observation, and from the confidences of many women and some men, that my friend Marianna's husband has suffered first and last, as have others like him, from precisely that state in which he—somewhat pridefully, I gather—presented himself at his rather belated marriage. He had passed his youth in a provincial atmosphere whose moral sanctions were largely or solely rooted in religion. Nevertheless, like other normal males, he must have been possessed of a certain amount of pure curiosity, along with other adventurous instincts. Stifled before marriage, at whatever cost, these instincts very naturally reawoke once the novelty of the marital relationship—as he knew it—had worn off, and he began then, we are safe in assuming, to be more curious than ever about all the great unexplored world of which he had no previous knowledge. What delights might other kinds and conditions of women than his young and dotting wife offer him? And thus started those clumsy gallantries, that endless quest, which has made him at last so pitiful, if it were not so ridiculous, a figure.

It is a commonplace that a woman who marries a widower proves almost without exception a contented wife; though few stop, perhaps, to consider what part the man's sexual experience has played in this result, or that the old saying, "A reformed libertine makes the best husband", derives undoubtedly from the same truth. Candor compels me, in fact, to say that I have never known a man recognized to have been somewhat "wild" prior to his marriage who did not prove an appreciative and devoted husband. I do not claim that men in this class have never found temporary interest or diversion in other directions, but at any rate in general they have not been guilty of open and flagrant disrespect to the women who bear their names and have borne their children. They are not the men who, through early ignorance, are tardily eaten up with curiosity as to what other women, in an intimate sense,

may be like. Then, too, their masculine vanity has been somewhat appeased, their feeling of power—highly important—has been established, when they have already, before marriage, demonstrated their ability to "conquer" other women than their wives.

But there is another equally—perhaps more—serious aspect of the situation where the husband has entered marriage relatively or actually virginal. In sex, we have the most subtle and intricate relationship into which human beings may enter with one another, one in which not the body alone is involved, and that potentially may enhance existence more than any other, or sink it in incurable misery. All this is, or ought to be, the veriest commonplace, yet countless "good" women, as well as a considerable number of "good" men, go on advocating the single standard, as they call it, a standard that would permit—nay, demand of men that they should be as naïve, as totally inexperienced, as the women they propose to take under their guidance.

What happens under these circumstances is that, instead of knowledge, ignorance lays the foundation of the future family life. Instead of skill, pitiful mutual blundering determines its pattern. Instead of delicacy, patience and understanding, crudeness and too often brutality attend the most crucial of human initiations. What happens is, that women like my friend Aurelia, as I shall call her, who married one of the "cleanest," the most righteous, of men, learns, on her wedding night, to loathe a relationship which has filled her with ever-mounting disgust and finally, she confesses, has become a horror. What happens is, that Aurelia's daughter—like numberless other daughters of other wives who have been similarly disenchanted—has more or less consciously absorbed the mother's viewpoint, and will enter marriage, if she enters it at all, hopelessly conditioned in her distaste for the marital relationship, with all the far-reaching and unfortunate conse-

quences, for everyone concerned, that such conditioning brings in its train.

In older countries than our own, especially in those never dominated by the Puritan tradition, so well and so long has all this been understood, that it is almost regarded as a part of his general cultural education for a young man to be tutored in what is after all a teachable art. Madame de Warrens was not the first, nor yet the last, highly-placed woman who has undertaken the education of some young Jean Jacques. And however much, as "Nordics", we may demur at this particular type of sex education, at least we must admit that the Latins are realistic in their approach to these matters. They do not confuse sex with sin so badly as we do, nor are they so apt to forget that the chastity of which we prate is hardly worth preserving unless it definitely promotes, rather than acts as a deterrent to, human health and happiness.

ANONYMOUS

Mississippi.



THE MORE ABUNDANT LIFE

SIR: "The land of the free and the home of the brave"—you have sung it, and so have I. In fact I yelled it when I was in grammar school, not knowing and caring less what it meant. Nevertheless, it was ding-donged into my head to be thought out in future years when I had put away childish things. And now that I am a man and working for the WPA I have time to think it out.

What am I thinking?

I am thinking that it was a sweet lie that I chirped so blithely through those years. At least I know that it is a lie so far as I am concerned in the year 1938, for I as a WPA worker find myself bound by the shackles of a bondsman— forbidden utterance or political choice.

Heretofore, I have labored under the illusion that the organization for which I work, faulty as it might be, was established

in the interest of humanity. I have thoroughly appreciated its motives and also my job, which has enabled me to support my wife and myself. Furthermore I have seen other poor souls saved from starvation by its ministrations. All of which is exceedingly good, if the story ended there, even wonderful. On the other hand I am learning that the WPA has become a vehicle of selfishness, existing not in the interest of humanity, but for a political machine headed by a few merciless power-grabbers who refuse to let go at any price.

Life is dear and starvation frightful, especially when you cannot face it alone. Still honor is a great price to pay even for life—even for a living wage on the WPA. It is said that men of old died for honor—brave men fought for her sake and honest men lived by her. Socrates dies in honor's name; Diogenes faced ridicule for her sake. Still neither Socrates nor Diogenes worked for the WPA as do I, and therein might lie the difference.

To come to the point. Last week I was suddenly yanked up before one of my official superiors and told bluntly and most positively what I could do, say, and believe in all matters of State. His words are still fresh in my ears; "It has been reported to me that you do not believe in Government aid to strikes, that you oppose the Reorganization Bill, and that you are not overzealous for Barkley for the U. S. Senate. I would like to remind you that President Roosevelt is feeding you, also that any word or action against Roosevelt or any bill or program he sponsors from any man connected with the WPA will mean his immediate discharge. Furthermore any person who fails to support actively Alben W. Barkley in his race against Happy Chandler for the U. S. Senate from Kentucky will meet with immediate dismissal. Not only that but unless you let it be known to all you have contact with that you are approving Roosevelt's Administration in its entirety, we have no further use for you on the WPA. And you may rest assured that

any word that you say will be known in this office within the week." (Of the last fact my presence there was sufficient proof.)

Perhaps you are thinking that such stuff can't happen here? If you are thinking any such, that is because you do not work for the WPA in Kentucky. And if you want to make sure that I am right, I dare you to come to Kentucky and investigate.

Briefly translated, the words of my superior can do nothing less than say that the very humanitarian vehicle known as the WPA, an exponent of the More Abundant Life For All, would not include in its category of "All" any one who dares to oppose any whim of the right whimsical New Dealers and would not extend that Life to such as fail to swallow smiling rather than sullenly whatsoever monstrosity is thrust down their throats. In short, the WPA instead of serving a humanitarian purpose is serving the Government as an instrument for buying support. Such a thing in individual cases is considered criminal, and is punishable by law. But perhaps when that same crime becomes wholesale, there is a subtle difference which my feeble brain cannot see.

I was told that I was dependent on Roosevelt for food. So I am, but I am wondering if I am not also somewhat dependent on Big Business which supports that same WPA by giving from its earnings 70 to 85 per cent for taxes. Bill Knudsen, for instance; perhaps I am his debtor too in that he paid of his four-hundred-thousand-dollar income 68 per cent, or more, for taxes. Somehow or other, I cannot exactly hate such fellows; and try as I may, I cannot really believe that they ruined our country.

And again, if, as figures show, the employee receives over 80 per cent of industry's income, I ever so secretly breathe *vive la industry!* Perhaps it would be better if I did not breathe at all any more; but I am truly having a hard time trying to stifle my admiration for such fellows as Ford and Knudsen and Rockefeller who have had

brains enough to acquire riches and to use them well.

On the other hand, there is Hitler whom, try as I may, I can scarcely admire because of the enforced allegiance to his cause through the firing squad. However, if I am to believe the words of my above-quoted official superior, the WPA, just as surely as Hitler, has its own "firing" squad, which is threatening me.

No doubt Alben W. Barkley will be re-elected to the Senate, for as I am writing this Roosevelt is asking Congress for billions for his campaign. In the meantime what shall I be doing? Supporting Barkley "actively"?

I ask you.

ANONYMOUS

Kentucky.



ORCHID DEPARTMENT

SIR: Congratulations on what is all-and-all (considering your general size and weight) the finest little organ of hypocrisy and confusion in the country. You're intelligent, you're clever—and you haven't printed an unprejudiced line on a really important topic that hits you where you live since the dotard Mencken found the first Baptist.

Read on and keep that calomel smile if you can. Exactly what or who, may I ask, do you gentlemen live by? No matter what, it's a far cry and a hollow one from the old MERCURY, though God knows that wasn't much. I have studied the processes of prejudice for several years in a quiet way—if your sheet isn't a ringer for the C of C's, the NAM and similar fat and fraudulent thirsters-after-truth, I'll go begging in the streets as a mendicant friar.

You are a gang of lick-spittle lie-mongers without conscience, purpose, or any real knowledge, presumably not directly in anyone's pay, but just too damn smart and infallible to care about the truth, and expert at swimming with the main tide while vaunting a phony independence. In brief,

the "world's deft lackeys" irritate me more than do the Conservative and Fascist interests themselves. Better the muddlers than their cynical apologists.

ROBERT EMERINE

*Ann Arbor,
Michigan.*

SIR: For one's letter to appear in THE MERCURY Jr., alias The Open Forum, is as a lamb frisking before the wolves, for I suspect that the readers of THE MERCURY comprise the largest disorganized body of heartless critics in America. I thought it was truly a periodical of caustic, cryptic comment upon current thought—or lack of it—but I believe the magazine is rapidly evolving into a correspondence club. Fully a fifth of the May issue is a veritable clearing house for letters from disgruntled readers who write in to exhibit imaginary literary talents. It's like hanging comic strips in the back room of an art gallery. (Plug!)

Your editorial endeavors seem fairly consistent month after month which is refreshing in these days of a degenerated press. The theories expounded by your writers sound sweetly but I often conjecture as to whether or not they would stand the wracking of practical usage. It strikes me that along with your destructive criticism there should be offered more definite cures. At present, FDR is your "bad boy" and appears to be nearly your entire *raison d'être*. I suggest that, with an eye to the future, you begin to taper off on him and his policies and to seek new fields of discussion as he can't last forever and in the event of his sudden demise your journal would go into a decided limp. Despite all the woes that beset our plagued nation I feel that you should join us in being grateful that we have a country where opinions as free as yours can be aired amidst the din.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY is "Number One" on my magazine parade.

HOWARD GRIFFITH

*Harrisburg,
Pennsylvania.*

SIR: It is truly wonderful that it is still possible to find such an accurate description of world affairs as is found in your magazine. Then too, the authors of the numerous wordy bits must warm the hearts of the truly American man or woman—they so definitely reveal their great desire to maintain the *status quo*. Of course these writers are such unquestionable authorities on the subjects which they write about. Now for example, I wouldn't doubt that your Moscow Correspondent knows more about Russian affairs than Stalin himself. And what more intelligent critic of government affairs could we have than H. L. Mencken? Wouldn't it be awful though if he should start to criticize those (and find the reasons personal or otherwise) who criticize the present Government?

All I wish to add is that we should thank God for a magazine (so reassuring in these times of stress) like THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

MISS AVERAGE AMERICAN CITIZEN

*Seattle,
Washington.*

P.S. Am neither on Relief or a Communist, but thank God for a little common sense!

SIR: It does not seem possible that your crisp, clear criticisms of the ways of the world at present are merely expressions of a toxic hatred of all the policies of the New Deal; and yet, at times, that is the impression gained when this tearing-down diatribe you so skillfully wield against all efforts to solve present-day difficulties is not followed by constructive suggestions that are applicable to the needs of the whole nation. The abilities of your contributors and their intolerance of stupidity readily make anything published in your magazine eminently worth attention; and in this period of change and confusion it is a tragedy not to corral the capacities of such brilliant minds for the purposes of construction and not destruction. Couple with these incisive criticisms of present-day political techniques

and those shrewd observations of cogent and vigorous minds, comments and suggestions of a remedial nature, avoiding those generalizations that do not value fidelity to fact. Give answers to the tormenting questions of the day and allay the animosities created by a system of criticism that has become somewhat dull, stagnant, and soul-destroying in its bitterness. The perception, ingenuity, and commendable craftsmanship evidenced in your publication should be directed to a more worthy end.

WINIFRED C. BUNGER

*Denver,
Colorado.*

SIR: As a retired Merchant Marine officer, who still makes a busman's-holiday trip aboard the ships of the Merchant Marine, I must very emphatically call to task the author of the article "Sovietizing Our Merchant Marine", in your May issue. Who is this Harold Lord Varney, that he dares to revive the slanders against our men and officers? Someday some able-bodied seaman is going to come across "Mister" Varney, and land him one in his glass jaw. Articles written by scoundrels like this deserve the garbage can, and as an American I resent such lies, and hope that a boycott of your magazine will result. I shall do all in my power to urge newsdealers to refuse to handle your magazine, until you see fit to publish a public apology to the men of the Merchant Marine. I have already secured the promise of my local newsdealer here, so watch your sales and circulation fall from now on.

JOHN A. WARING

*Seattle,
Washington.*

SIR: More power to your splendid magazine! I have just read all the damn-fool letters written to you by a bunch of Communists who are trying to pretend they are not Communists, but just the General Public, so as to make it appear that a lot of non-Communists are disgusted with your maga-

zine. Anyone can see the letters were written either all by one person under different names or a lot of spiteful Communists who are burning up under your lash and who know they have lost the war in Spain which gets them frantic.

Hammer the Reds again for me, and lots more decent Americans!

TOM W. MORAN

*Richmond,
Virginia.*



STILL ENGLAND

SIR: I hope I may claim the privilege of replying to the outbursts brought forth by my original letter to you, published in your February edition.

In the replies of John A. Huston and Don Himrod I recognize kindred spirits with an intense love of country. I congratulate them on their keen insight into English affairs, in spite of that exaggeration and lack of historical sense inherent in American utterance. The exaggeration may be explained by the largeness of your country which inspires big talk, and true historical feeling can hardly be expected where the efforts of illiterate film magnates, absurd radio commentators, Voices of History, and Hearstian newspapers constitute popular education; and where the Big Bill Thompsons of Chicago, the American Legion, and other such dubious political organizations control any attempt at higher education. I still feel, however, that a few home truths exchanged between honest citizens of two countries may do some good, and with regard to the general sentiments expressed by the writers, I agree that he who expects nothing without paying heavily for it is rarely disappointed.

The vulgar, ill-bred effort of H. B. Hayden is another matter altogether. I must annoy him further by still claiming to be an Englishman — of that solid unimaginative breed that can trace his descent back through several generations of farmers in Northamptonshire, before getting lost in

that lack of parish records and birth registries which characterized the early Nineteenth Century. Northamptonshire, I had better tell you, is almost in the middle of England. With regard to Hayden's spiteful remarks about Bermudians in general, I sense a personal grudge. To borrow his own words, if H. B. Hayden is the man I believe him to be, he came to Bermuda with some get-rich-quick ideas to put across the natives. The latter, having a shrewd suspicion as to who was going to get rich quickly, were not impressed very much, and, in the politest way possible, gave him a Bronx cheer. Not to be taken at one's own valuation is, apparently, one of the few things that will penetrate the Hayden hide.

G. SMITH

Bermuda.

SIR: The letters in the April issue of your magazine, venting their wrath on Mr. G. Smith are excellent in their conception. Mr. Smith is so entirely wrong in everything that he said that a blanket contradiction to all his statements would be a true presentation of the facts. His attitude and opinions are not those of the representative Englishman — of the internationally-minded Englishman, but are those of the insular-minded middle class to whom all is anathema that is not British. His views and opinions are not intelligent or constructive.

I am an Englishman — one of those who did their bit for the cause, and thanks to the job I had, I had unusual opportunities of seeing at first hand what Americans did at the front. America came into the war at a time when the Allies were nearly exhausted: she put her splendid troops, her vast financial and material resources, at the disposal of her Allies. She stopped the Germans from reaching Paris. She asked nothing in victory — and has ever since been maligned and vilified by the nations that owe their very existence to her.

The average American is very like the average Englishman in some respects: both are convinced that the splendor of their

heritage puts them above the lesser breeds: that everything in their broad lands is superlative and perfect; that the things they do are right and correct because they do them. And it is my belief that those of my nationality who are privileged to live in this great country — to enjoy its hospitality, its security and its exceptional opportunities — should observe the same amenities as are incumbent on them when visiting the homes of their friends. If they cannot do this, they would be well advised to return whence they came.

H. G. ADDISON

*Washington,
D. C.*

SIR: "England Talks Back" in the February issue was very interesting. It was gratifying to find Mr. Eric Makovski's temperate and intelligent criticism following the peculiar outburst of Mr. G. Smith of Bermuda. What ever made Mr. Smith such a sour-puss? Surely it was not the charming people or the excellent climate of his colonial escape from reality!

Mr. Smith would have us believe that all Great Britain's wars were fought for "human ideals". Has he ever heard of that quarter of London known as The City? Just to mention one incident, has he ever carefully investigated the annexation of Hong Kong? And, assuming that our "more powerful men" brought about a declaration of war "to save invested dollars" — HAVE THOSE DOLLARS BEEN SAVED?

So long as Americans remain loud-mouthed braggarts and Englishmen maintain an attitude of sneering or condescending superiority so long will there be name-calling between Yanks and Limeys.

Call a spade a spade, if you will, Mr. Smith, but be sure it's a spade!

ATHAN COSMAS

*Union City,
New Jersey.*

SIR: Perusing your Open Forum letters under the caption "To Hell with an Eng-

lishman" aroused certain melancholy reflections which I pass on to you in the hope that you may be able to make something out of them. First of all, I noticed that many of your writers were consumed with a curious curiosity (what a ridiculous language ours is!) as to the identity of the writer of the article under fire. There are suggestions, shall I say, of cowardice, although in all conscience the Atlantic Ocean in itself should be a sufficient protection from the most blood-thirsty without requiring the additional safeguard of anonymity. The chorus of invective even rises to a pitch where the belief is voiced that the writer is emasculate — or practically that.

It seems to be an age-old conviction, tenaciously held by many people, that the individuality of a writer is identical with his arguments and an attack on him personally is an answer to his statements. I can readily believe that many of the Pharisees in the time of Christ disposed of His doctrines to their satisfaction by damning Him as a "carpenter from Nazareth". Lord Byron morally may have been the kind of man whom a good eugenicist would sterilize on sight, but that didn't prevent him from writing some of the noblest poetry in the language. There aren't words enough in Mencken's *Schimpflexicon* adequately to describe the kind of man Richard Wagner was, but when you hear his music — *ach! mein Liebchen!* And then there is Abraham Lincoln — you'll remember that at Gettysburg, according to John Hay, "the old man spoke gracefully for him" — Lincoln apparently lacked personality as compared to Edward Everett and what he said suffered accordingly. And, by Gad! I'll wager that there were a lot of people that day at Gettysburg sufficiently moronic not to realize that a classic had been spoken that will last as long as the English language endures! I could multiply instances indefinitely to fortify my belief that to damn a man is not to damn his doctrine. The contrary opinion which many of your correspondents appear to hold would apparently lead to the con-

clusion that you can stem the tide of Nazism by calling Hitler "a former Austrian paperhanger".

It would appear that politicians don't agree with me, judging by their speeches, which in itself, is a pretty good indication that I'm right. Their attitude seems to me symptomatic of what I call the *bacillus invidiosus* (I don't guarantee the spelling) whose ravages throughout the ages would make an interesting study. Its history has no doubt been already written in several volumes by some learned German.

Then again, I notice a regrettable recurrence of what is called the *tu quoque* argument. This phrase is really a misnomer for it isn't an argument at all. It simply means "Well, you did it, too" or "you're just as bad as I am!" This so-called argument is also of great antiquity. There is, for example, an admonition in the Bible having to do with motes and beams in the eye — though it always seemed to me as a child that the beam part would take a bit of doing. But no Bible I have ever read went so far as to say that the mote was non-existent by reason of the beam's existence or vice versa. As a lawyer, I have found that apparently the only place where the law recognizes the *tu quoque* argument is on a question of construction of documents where under the doctrine of *contemporanea expositio* (or some such forbidding name) what the parties have both done under the document becomes relevant in finding out what it means. But you can sometimes make hay with it in other cases before a jury, if the Judge lets you get away with it. Otherwise it's no argument at all and is best answered by the trite saying that "two wrongs don't make a right". This form of argument, too, is in general practice among the politicians — again the strongest possible argument against its validity. The *bacillus invidiosus* again!

There were unfortunately, also, in two or three cases statements made which I don't think even the writers believe and which I think you should clamp down on.

I refer to such a sentence as "An American woman is equal to four English Ladies". Does the writer mean in *avoirduois*? Surely not! The most scrawny and emaciated "English Lady" we can imagine must scale at least seventy-five pounds — and four of them! Imagination falters — "upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed?" Or does he mean in brain power? Those fascinating I.Q. tests again! As I recall it the quotient for the mentally deficient is 55. Well, $55 \times 4 = 220$. I have never heard of any woman, American or otherwise, even a female Duns Scotus, that can pass even the 200 mark to save her Einsteinian intellect. He couldn't have meant that. I guess we'll have to call on Stuart Chase to analyze semantically that sentence.

Then there's another good bit "it takes but a few American soldiers to put to rout a vast European army". These sentences are parts of what F. L. Allen calls expressively "outburst of unbuttoned rhetoric". Rhetoric is all right when properly used; even I (hear 'em yell!) make use of it on occasion but never to bolster up such statements as that. Honestly, Mr. Editor, giving the boys all possible breaks, such statements as that are "just plain silly" and you should have excised them — (I mean the sentences, of course, not the writers). They give the magazine a bad name.

And oh! by Gad! Yes. I must sign my name. Thanks for reminding me.

W. P. MACKAY

*Simcor,
Ontario.*

P.S. Strictly confidential — I didn't write the article.

P.P.S. I am not an Englishman.

SIR: It is gratifying to read in your magazine the friendly remarks of "A loyal Englishman". I would not discourage his cordial impulses, but must rise to comment on some curious impressions which he seems to harbor regarding our people. Perhaps he was merely putting in a patriotic word for The Empire when he suggested that we accept

"the tutelage" of the more-experienced British conductors of foreign policy. We are glad to co-operate, but I imagine that we will attend to our tutelage on this side of the water.

The gentleman's greatest misunderstanding, however, is in his observation in America of "The amenities which the better classes cheerfully admit are a heritage from the mother country." Now we like John Bull with his beefy face and stalwart ways, but it is news to hear him credited with amenities by the better, best, or even inferior classes of people.

If as a people we have learned some degree of courtesy, this has been through the traditional influence of the American Indian. Examine the history and literature of the Indian and you will find that the savages were highly practiced in courtesy. They had their councils of elder statesmen. They exchanged belts of wampum. At first they looked upon the white man and notably the Englishman as the representative of The Great White Father. But alas they found him to be sadly lacking in the amenities and war ensued. Those of us who are of English descent have learned something of courtesy from the French settlers and the Pennsylvania Germans who treated the Indian courteously and in general lived in happy neighborliness with him.

I fear that "A loyal Englishman" is mistaken if he thinks that the amenities are an Empire product. He might give thought to the view of an American who was recently transferred from the Paris to the London office of his firm and found the change refreshing. "England, like Bulgaria," he said, "is a forthright country. Not too civilized. Not encased in Continental manners. They know what they want and make no bones about it."

A RURAL AMERICAN

*Bethlehem,
Pennsylvania.*

SIR: As an American citizen, British-born, I have duly noted Mr. Deutzman's

protest against the consummate ass who signed Englishman to the article entitled "To Hell with America". Whatever his opinion to the lamented article, is his own concern; but his dastardly attempt to cast dirt at English women, is a proof of his own low intellect, and a disgrace to anyone worthy of the name of gentleman. Doubtless, Mr. Deutzman refers to that peculiar type of individual with whom he was wont to associate during his stay in Great Britain. Surely a man is known by the company he keeps, and which can be found in any country. As an English born woman, I resent his cowardly attempt to vent his spleen on persons too far away to defend themselves.

In all sincerity, I wish I could mete out to the gallant Mr. D. his just desserts — namely a sound horse-whipping. Were I a man, I should break his cowardly neck.

VERONICA DORAN

*East Chicago,
Indiana.*

SIR: With some trepidation I join the bitter controversy raging around the questions of "To Hell With America", "To Hell With England", and "To Hell With THE AMERICAN MERCURY". However, I am so impressed with the good work that "A Loyal Englishman" is doing in promoting Anglo-American amity in Southampton, Burlingame, Palm Beach, and San Simeon that I would like to suggest that, as soon as the weather permits, this ambassador of good will complete his tour by calling at such representative American communities as White Sulphur Springs, Newport, and Bar Harbor.

Yours for better Anglo-American feeling in Kokomo.

J. E. MUCKLEY

*Seattle,
Washington.*



CHILDREN

SIR: I wish that the woman who wrote "No Children for Me", under Anonymous,

would have signed her name. I'd like to shake her hand. I agree with her absolutely and wish I had written that article, because I am envied by many for my three beautiful children and I am a very happy mother and wife. I don't think anyone could say from all appearances but what I have an ideal family — yet I am sorry I brought them into this world, when we appear to be on the edge of another Dark Ages.

VIOLA BURROUGHS

*Belvedere,
California.*



FDR DEPARTMENT

SIR: Mary Atwater's letter has struck a responsive chord in at least one breast. I, too, since the blight of the New Deal has descended upon us, have been a woman without a country, bitterly and cruelly disillusioned. Any nation, which for six years, has followed the tunes played by the Pied Piper of Washington, *must* indeed be made up of fools and knaves. American integrity, initiative, and independence, are to me now only something I read about in a school book long ago. They don't exist.

My ancestors are among those who first settled in America. My mother brought me up to believe that this was indeed the land of the free and the home of the brave. To me the very word *America* had a noble and lovely sound — and I gloried in my citizenship in this great land.

Now I see it as a land of dependent morons afflicted with the "gimmies", ruled over by a corrupt political machine, and headed by a demagogue with nothing to recommend him but a golden voice and a fatuous smile. A man to whom sincerity is only a word, and whose every utterance is false, who cynically capitalizes on the suffering of the poor, by promising impossible things, to further his own ends. And last but not least, surrounded by a family of self-seeking publicity hounds — intent only on perpetuating themselves in power into the third and fourth generation.

The President's obvious grab for power — through the Supreme Court and Reorganization Bill — has, it is true, been defeated. Now a much more subtle scheme is afoot — to wreck the financial structure of America; for in such chaos a dictatorship is not only possible but inevitable. The present huge appropriation will carry the New Deal safely through the next election — and then the real objective of our Radical Administration will become apparent — but it will be too late. If this sounds fantastic, let us ask ourselves what one constructive thing the President has done to help the country out of its difficulties. The answer is he has done nothing but ask for money and more money, to be used by him, as he sees fit, where it will do most good in furthering his plans.

The most intolerable dictator, it seems to me, would be an American one, scion of a proud old family, the product of the best America can offer, nurtured in her best traditions, who cynically sells his country down the river to satisfy his own lust for power.

G. C. H.

New York City.

SIR: Your stand against the New Deal is well taken and should help your readers keep their feet on the ground while battling for Liberty. As our President did not forwarn us that he would give unrestricted powers to Inexperienced Experimenting Fiends, I wish to apologize most sincerely to my fellow voters for having helped to put such a man in office. His sign-up complex has compelled many workers to barricade their homes and carry implements of defense while fighting off Federal-Sponsored "Roving Bands of Marauders" whose Brotherhood (?) applications are rocks and clubs. After the Federal agents have helped close these wholesale deals for Labor Dictators, the Rescued (?) workers find themselves robbed of initiative and saddled with dues and numerous other collections for these vanishing funds; and finally our

jobs also vanished. There will be no problem of the "Submerged" should our President succeed in submerging the remaining few.

He wants agreements signed for a year or more; yet he himself will not keep a verbal promise even for a week.

He sticks irons in the fire and then goes out to sea, *NOT to see*.

His compromise complex has given the Devil a place at the conference table.

His middle-of-the-road complex is lining the road with unnecessary wrecks as any other Road Hog does.

His snooping complex has caused incompetent snoopers to spread mistrust and contempt for those who Have and are competent to hold a job.

His curtailment complex is very untimely while every son-of-a-gun and his brother would gladly replace necessary clothing if we but had some of those vanishing billions.

Lest we forget, our ancestors fought taxation without representation, and offered millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute. We now have billions for defense and the New Deal helps Labor Herders collect millions in tribute while they distort our views and desires. The Roosevelt monopoly is bringing us Collective IN-security. As a farmer, Roosevelt is growing two weeds where one grew before; but we must destroy these weeds before they scatter seed in the most unsuspecting crevices and choke our beloved Americanism.

May THE MERCURY continue UNHAMP-ERED, to enlighten.

J. WALTER OSWALD

Philadelphia.

SIR: Up to the year 1932, P. T. Barnum was considered the greatest American showman. He prided himself as being the Prince of Humbug. But today we have a greater wonder than P. T. Barnum, a much better showman and a better animal charmer than Prophet Daniel of the lions den. Daniel had a few lions to contend with; but the country

squire from Hyde Park has a greater collection of wild animals than his predecessor the great P. T. Barnum. Under the New Deal big top are Tammany Tigers, braying Donkeys, wild and tame, sons of the wild jackasses, Southern Bourbons, raving Moscow Communists, beetle-browed labor gorillas, pink elephants, and all the political fakes, freaks and frauds under the sun.

MORRIS A. JAFFE

*Astoria,
Oregon.*



DOGS

SIR: So Bertha Y. Burrill asks Are Dogs People? Frankly, her question will always be subject to debate. You will find hundreds of exponent challengers both for and against dogs. In fact, the figures are equal according to the following normal line of reasoning: we have a population of 120,000,000; divided by four, the average number of persons to a family, shows 30,000,000 families. Facts and data on dogs give the number under license, registry, or tax assessment as about 15,000,000. So you see dogs have promoted themselves to a very important group, from the standpoint of size, in half the homes of our country.

To me, a dog is a great companion and human in any number of denominators common to man. The most outstanding factors are: kindness, contentment, loyalty, and ability to understand the family of his home. Any number of dog exponents will agree regarding this sissy pampering stuff, but some breeds succumb the same as some human beings, constantly insisting on telling about their operation over and over. The "Tribute to a Dog" by Senator Vest, and still more recently "A Gentleman Has Died" by Boake Carter, are milestones in culture. Bad breaks, such as the flower-garden wrecking in the article, don't break the confidence of man and dog when both are made of the right stuff. Most all of us as kids must have been just as disgusting and

destructive as present-day children in spite of the fact that definite language co-ordination exists. The degree to which a person will tolerate either kid or dog pranks is an individual matter of any number of factors, all being subject to personal judgment.

JOE G. SOWERWINE

*Evanston,
Illinois.*

SIR: My unqualified applause to Bertha Y. Burrill for her article "Are Dogs People?" I too like dogs as individuals, and I owned dogs for fourteen years at a stretch, but I have never been able to understand the attitude of so many persons that the ownership of a dog places you above any obligations of ordinary consideration for your neighbors. The dog sentimentalist is only too apt to abandon both courtesy and intelligence on this subject. To illustrate, a woman columnist for a Los Angeles paper, whose writings are usually sane and capable, was appealed to recently by a reader who wanted to know what to do for relief from a neighbor's dog whose persistent yapping kept her awake at night. The lady's terse reply was "No one was ever kept awake by a dog's barking": in other words, "You're a liar".

And why is Senator Vest's tribute to the dog so often quoted with admiration? As an abstract utterance, it might command admiration, but when one recalls the circumstances under which it was delivered, it is only another testimonial to the ineptitude of the average American jury. There is not one argument in it relevant to the case at bar or in favor of the particular dog involved; it was not an attempt to let the jury consider the merits of the case, but an effort, eloquent and unfortunately successful, to befuddle them with sentimental slop. I fancy that abstract gush about an impersonal dog would not have appealed much to the Swiss doctor whose little girl was attacked and killed without provocation by dogs at the St. Bernard hospice a year ago. It is this intemperate and selfish attitude about dogs

that explains, if it does not excuse, many cases of dog-poisoning.

JESSE JAMES, JR.

*San Francisco,
California.*

SIR: Someone, and it might as well be I, should tell Bertha Burrill ("Are Dogs People?") that it all depends on where you sit. I have neither baby nor dog, but I have friends who rejoice in one or the other, or both. I have found little to choose between the nit-wit woman who has a baby and the nit-wit woman who has a dog, but if I must decide between the spoiled brat or the spoiled dog, give me the dog. To date no dog has insisted on monopolizing the dinner conversation, insulting servants, walking on top of my piano, and imitating Shirley Temple.

Dogs do destroy gardens — so do children. Mrs. Burrill is far too smug about a year-old son. When he is seven or eight years old he will make more hideous noises than any dog ever could and he will shriek steadily for more hours than any dog has ever been able to bark. If the neighbors object, Mrs. Burrill will write another article for THE MERCURY complaining that people don't understand children.

But my chief objection to her present article is her recital of her interests connected with babies. She lists croups, colics, doings, diets, cute sayings, adenoids, and tonsils. That's all. She objects to listening to the details of How Fido Was Wormed. No one has ever tried that on me, but I have lost count of the number of times I have been forced to listen to the nauseating details of Johnny's Bowel Movement and Susie's Toilet Training. These subjects are an obsession with the average young mother and if Wilmette hears them not it is because their reporter is packing her case.

To date no spoiled dog has ever appeared in a living room where I have been visiting, with what the maternal parent calls "His Little Pottie" in his hands. No dog has ever

put down the pottie in the center of the rug and performed. I have never been entertained while the owner of a dog gave him a suppository; but the mother of a baby expects me to be thrilled over this view. Buttoning or unbuttoning Susie and attending to intimate details connected with her rear end must go on while Susie's mother lunches with me. If I gag, I mustn't mention it. If a disapproving whisper reaches Susie, her Toilet Training will go haywire and ten years from now she will be a problem child.

All in all it seems to me that the "mother" of a spoiled dog does far less damage than the mother of a spoiled child. A dog's life is short. A spoiled child grows up to be either a menace to society or a patient for a psychiatrist. Which would you rather have on your conscience?

ONE OF THE NEIGHBORS

SIR: Three huzzahs for Bertha Burrill! Her "Are Dogs People?" voices complaints long overdue against foolish and selfish owners of dogs. Canines, whether because of their athletic stunts (they specialize in the high-jump), their various noises from loud barkings to loud snores and unpleasant grunts, their huge size, or their disgusting slobbers, are not fit occupants of a room where callers are being received. My husband and I are persistent in our efforts to circulate the May issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

A SUBURBANITE

*Wilmette,
Illinois.*

SIR: I had an awful dream. A man named Terhune, with 4 Bloodhounds, 6 Mastiffs, 3 Poodles, and 7 Police Dogs (all unleashed) were after Mrs. Burrill. So — she had better take an Irish Jew's warning and get a Gatling gun and be prepared.

FRANK J. McFADDEN

*Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania.*

THE LADY COMRADES

SIR: Mona Laré in her article "The Brides of Marx", published in the May *MERCURY*, seemed to be seeking an excuse to vent her ire against the New Deal in general and the President in particular. I read her article with curiosity, but was disgusted before I had read two pages by her thinly-veiled venom toward those in power in Washington. Her information would have carried more weight had she been less the irate spoiled child, and more the impartial observer; facts always impress when mere anger and a "holier-than-thou" attitude fails to carry the point. I was under the impression that such writing was reserved for the tabloid type of newspapers and not for magazines of the caliber of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, with its appeal to the reason of the intelligent, well-informed reader.

Although I am an admirer of Mr. Roosevelt, and am convinced of his sincerity of purpose, I am not blind to the mistakes he has made. But is it not poor sportsmanship to blacken his motives with subtle insinuations and to attempt to camouflage those insinuations by inserting them in an article where they do not belong? Miss Laré would have been fairer if she had titled her article "Attacks Against the New Deal (with a few generalizations on the 'Brides of Marx')". I understood that we prided ourselves on the fact that our country was a Democracy. If so, will someone please point out to Miss Laré and others like her, we bow to the rule of the majority and have the decency to at least respect those whom we have elected.

MRS. S. H. CASSEL, JR.

Rochester,
New York.

SIR: May *MERCURY* "Brides of Marx" the best piece of character portraiture and satire I have ever read. I have a suspicion a man wrote it. If a woman wrote it, that makes it more outstanding to me. I hope that many readers will write and encourage you

to give us plenty of effective and entertaining burlesque and satire. I have been reading everything for fifty years. *THE MERCURY* is the best in its field.

L. N.

Detroit,
Michigan.

SIR: I suppose you remember Henry Mencken's crack when he heard that the late Percy Hammond, most vitriolic of drama critics, had been detailed to cover some war overseas: "My God! What if he doesn't like it!" This story came back to me as I read Mona Laré's article, "Brides of Marx" in your May issue. She has come face to face with the social war and — God! she doesn't like it! She doesn't like the war and she doesn't like anybody fighting in it — that is, on the proletarian side. She likes to feel that the Jeanne d'Arcs, Molly Pitchers, La Passionarias, etc., are sufficiently disposed of when one proves that they depart from the usual patterns of femininity. To me it's a clear *non sequitur*. Furthermore, by selecting a couple of feminine freaks as typical members of the revolutionary movement your authoress makes out a case even the Supreme Court would reject.

Personally, I'm not a Communist nor yet a grass roots Republican. I just don't happen to like illogical reasoning. If we're going to permit special pleading, it might easily be demonstrated that all lady Republicans are either broken down, unknissed old maids with one foot in the grave or pale little society cuties in pants. We might say their total intellectual activities consist of bridge parties, afternoon teas, audiences before the King and Queen of England, Swami séances and dog shows. However, you'd say that isn't fair — and you'd be right. That's why you should try to keep ladies like Mona Laré within bounds.

Your authoress makes quite a point of the assumption that lady radicals lack the physical attributes necessary for efficient lasciviousness. Well, if she wants to prove the existence of an infallible relationship

between Marx and shapelessness she should submit a photograph of herself in a bathing suit. If she can pass scrutiny then I certainly recommend that all schools of feminine beauty culture include the Republican Platform of 1936 in their regimen. I'll admit that plenty of the lady comrades aren't Follies candidates — but, then, neither were the indignant Gold Coast ladies I saw lined up at the polls to save the nation from the New Deal. Maybe politics haven't much to do with beauty. At least, a little more research is needed before we can draw definite conclusions.

Mona Laré can have her fun with the "Brides of Marx" — but the Brides of Landon, the Brides of Ford are even louder and funnier. Personally, I don't like any intellectually fanatic women — and that includes Mona Laré.

ALBERT BURNAP DAHLQUIST

*Chicago,
Illinois.*

SIR: The May issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY is one of the best that has ever been published. Thank heaven for such de-bunkers as Miss Mona Laré. I am especially pleased to find a *woman* who has not been led astray by the sentimental lies of Communism.

Back here in the Corn Belt, we are rather generally afflicted with Lady Comrades of the Intellectual type, mostly inhibited or frustrated school teachers. These people pride themselves on being "modern-minded", always taking up with anything which someone has told them is "advanced" thinking. They are the people who had high ratings as students because they could memorize, but not because they could *think*.

We have also been afflicted with "Adult Education" — a New Deal method of telling people what they should think. One of our "discussion leaders", a Lady Comrade college professor, told us that she supposed she was ahead of her time, but she "couldn't help feeling that all the people in the world

should share equally in the world's wealth". She also strongly advocated boycotting silk hose and wore lisle herself, although she was attired in a \$40 to \$50 silk dress while delivering herself of these views. Collective Security was another tenet of her faith. She admitted that a majority of the American people were Isolationist, but that by education and discussion such as we were being given, they were to be won over to the right way of thinking, i.e., the views of Secretary Hull and President Roosevelt.

I hope THE AMERICAN MERCURY will keep up the good work of debunking and will not take to heart the vituperation poured upon it by Communists and Parlor Pinks who are smoked out by the fire of such articles as "The Brides of Marx".

NAOMI FINCH

*Alexandria,
Indiana.*

SIR: I had nothing to read last night. I went to a nearby drugstore and surveyed a multitude of magazines. Through a process of eeny-meeny-miney-mo, I picked your AMERICAN MERCURY. I went home and read one article and the result was a terrific upset stomach and an emotional overhauling, one of which I never experienced before.

Mr. Editor, when you dislike an individual, or an idea, or an ism, or an institution, you make use of criticism. Assuming that you are an intelligent man, the criticism you make use of should be intelligent criticism. Do you honestly have such little faith in the intelligence of the public who read your magazine to believe such an article as "The Brides of Marx" by that Mona Laré?

Now you must be thinking to yourself — A-ha, this creature is a Communist. No, Dear Editor, I'm as far from being a Communist as you are, but, believe me, I have never yet read anything so vile, so aimless, so stupid, so cruel as "The Brides of Marx". This sort of writing I call cheap and worthless and hellishly detrimental to the life of your magazine.

These are the "truths" you would have me learn:—

1. All Communists are dirty. Water and soap are two unknown quantities to them.

2. All girl Communists are prostitutes and sleep with many men—four being the minimum.

3. These females are all hideously and sinfully ugly.

4. They wear bangs to appear Russian-like.

5. Sex, sex, sex, sex—that, I gather, is the essence of Communism.

I am going to rip the article, "Brides of Marx" from the book, and send it to many of my friends and we will all get together and discuss it and make a vow *never* to touch a magazine called THE AMERICAN MERCURY, because it is not worthy to be read by intelligent people and shocks even the least sensitive of individuals. May this sub-normal, illiterate, narrow-minded, un-Christian Mona Laré, together with THE AMERICAN MERCURY, perish!

Mr. Editor— I think you're NUTS.

UNSIGNED



OBJECTION DEPARTMENT

SIR: The facetious article in your April issue by Anthony M. Turano, entitled "Paternity by Proxy" has been called to my attention. On page 424 he states, "If religious authority is needed for such a convenient and easy parthenogenesis, it can be found in the Christian-scientific works of the revered American saint, Mary Baker Eddy". The statement referring to Christian Science and its revered Leader is uncalled for and absolutely untrue. In all the works of Mary Baker Eddy the word *parthenogenesis* appears not at all and its synonym *agamogenesis* is found but three times. Under the caption "Insanity and *agamogenesis*" in "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," (page 68), she writes: "I never knew more than one individual who believed in agamogenesis; she was unmarried, a lovely character, was suffering from in-

cient insanity, and a Christian Scientist cured her. I have named her case to individuals, when casting my bread upon the waters, and it may have caused the good to ponder and the evil to hatch their silly innuendoes and lies, since salutary causes sometimes incur these effects. The perpetuation of the floral species by bud or cell-division is evident, but I discredit the belief that agamogenesis applies to the human species."

May I protest against the author referring or alluding to this great religion, Christian Science, and its discoverer and founder, Mary Baker Eddy, in such a dissertation? I question the taste of one who would refer lightly to a great religion and its Leader, revered by hundreds of thousands of his fellowmen. Possibly, the author of the article referred to was careless, thoughtless, but not malicious; yet one scarcely expects to find THE AMERICAN MERCURY's pages containing statements having no foundation apart from the imagination or careless thinking of a contributor.

B. PALMER LEWIS

*Christian Science Committee on Publication
For the State of New York
New York City.*

THE AUTHOR REPLIES

SIR: It is obvious that Mr. B. Palmer Lewis has spent more time in revering Mrs. Eddy than in reading her books. His quotation from *Science and Health* merely shows that, in the days of the "revered Leader", immaculate conception was not a very common human phenomenon, but was a peculiarity of the humbler flowers of creation. It is equally certain, however, that Mrs. Eddy expresses, in her *Miscellaneous Writings*, an abiding faith that the entire material business of old-fashioned copulation was destined to be replaced by purely spiritual substitutes. I quote a few excerpts:

"All is mind. Human procreation, birth, life, and death are subjective states of the human erring mind." (Misc. Writings, p. 286.)

"Is marriage nearer right than celibacy? Human knowledge inculcates that it is, while Science indicates that it *is not*." (Idem, p. 288).

"The good in human affections should preponderate over the evil, and spiritual over the animal, — until progress lifts mortals to discern the Science of *mental formation* and find the highway to holyness." (The italics are mine.) (Idem, p. 287.)

"At present, more spiritual conception and education of children will serve to illustrate the superiority of spiritual power over the sensuous, and usher in the dawn of God's creation, wherein they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels. To abolish marriage at this period, and maintain morality and generation, would put ingenuity to ludicrous shifts; yet this is possible in *Science*, although it is to-day problematic." (Idem, p. 286.)

These inspired passages are hardly in need of exegetic elaboration. There is no doubt that, despite her three husbands, the good lady had hopes that the human race would eventually perpetuate itself through some kind of scientific holy-ghosting.

It is surprising that Mr. Lewis, as one of the converters-in-chief of an important religious denomination, bases his gospel on only one book of the illustrious Founder. He owes it to his flock as well as the pagan population, to familiarize himself with other volumes in Mrs. Eddy's prospectus of salvation.

ANTHONY M. TURANO

Reno,
Nevada.



(ADV'T.)

SIR: Interesting as THE MERCURY is — has it ever occurred to you that, in many ways, the most interesting part of each issue is the advertisements?

So many interesting gadgets that one never sees anything about elsewhere, so many new developments like this Mercury Books venture — I've filled out and

mailed more coupons and bought more things of one sort or another, via your pages, than through any other publication I know of.

Darned if I know why, but I have.

HERBERT J. MANCINI

East Cleveland,
Ohio.



IN BRIEF

The controversy concerning the English and Englishmen runs far beyond the bounds of our space limitations. Among the interesting letters on this lively subject may be mentioned one from Katherine G. Newell, of Gowanda, New York, who is "a Londoner twenty-three years in U.S.A." Miss Newell has just returned from a trip home and she says: "Well, I'm glad to have seen the old home, but it's U.S.A. for me". And Charles W. Ward, of Kansas City, Kansas, rises to ask why the English, if they are so cultured and self-efficient, should be so concerned in procuring an alliance with a half-civilized country such as ours. . . . Victor B. Stanley, Jr., of Marion, South Carolina, calls our article "Dixie Debunked", by A. D. Moody, a "masterful presentation of falsehood". He concludes that Mr. Moody is "a traitor to the South's highest traditions in history". Oddly enough, almost all the Southerners who have written in concerning this article agree with Mr. Stanley. . . . The author of "No Children For Me!" comes in for continued castigation. Vera E. Jarvis, of Paracale, Philippine Islands, says rather pointedly it is just as well that the author of that article is not reproducing. And Nelson D. Brown, among others, feels sorry for Anonymous whom he thinks is over-educated, and pities her because she cannot enjoy children the way he does his. . . . A grammatical error has been found in the dignified pages of *Harpers* magazine, no less, according to I. J. Cahill, of Jamaica. It was in the April *Harpers* and read as follows: "None of these contestants went at the job in the

same way". What are we coming to? . . . The new department in *THE MERCURY*, "Down To Earth" (formerly "Back To Nature") by Alan Devoc, has so far received nothing but praise from readers — which is quite unusual for anything appearing in this magazine. Edmond Slama, of Santa Monica, California, among others, sends congratulations. . . . Mrs. Martha C. Hubbard, of Urbana, Illinois, believes that Socialism gives rulers more despotic powers than Czars ever had, and suggests that common-sense honesty and justice are a lot better. . . . Writers to our Open Forum take themselves too seriously, according to a young lady from Topeka, Kansas, who doesn't want her name signed. She writes, she says because "my unusual mind can see through all you little worms with immature minds". Well, it is nice to be so sure of one's self. . . . Henry F. Gilg, of Pittsburgh, reports that the late Senator Matthew Stanley Quay was an ardent supporter of the Single Tax. . . . We have only six letters this month accusing us of being in the direct pay of various evil influences. The score: Hitler, three; J. P. Morgan, two; and Bernard Baruch — of all people — one. . . . A critical analysis of *THE MERCURY*, too long for us to reproduce, is sent in by Haskell Benard, of Atlanta, Georgia. For one thing, he believes that some of our contributors try too hard to write like H. L. Mencken. Maybe so, but H.L.M. is a pretty good model. . . . Edwin Grant, of Oakland, California, suggests that the United States limit immigration from various countries to a reciprocal number which would equal that of Americans emigrating to those countries. . . . A letter in the form of a platonic dialogue arrives from Norfolk, Virginia, over the pseudonym "Grid Leak", concluding that the people who declare wars should be made to fight them — "with the half-wits, criminals, and undesirables all killed off, the race may have a chance to survive. . . . William E. B. Lingey, of Powell River, British Columbia, doesn't like our short stories.

He refers to them sarcastically as being of "astonishing literary quality". . . . *THE MERCURY*'s Open Forum is "an added attraction" because it lets our readers speak their minds, says a gentleman from Philadelphia who signs himself "Abbreviated American". . . . Alex T. Smart, of Washington, D. C. writes a sarcastic portrait of totalitarian states which, he says, *THE MERCURY* favors. Has he been reading the magazine backwards? . . . The number of poems received this week on the subject of F.D.R. suggests that that gentleman may live in American verse, if no place else. We mention the two we thought were the best, and apologize for not having had the space to print them: "Grandfather's Clock" by R. C. Townsend, of La Crosse, Wisconsin; and "Dream Of The Abundant Life" by Raymond D. Trautman, Reading, Pennsylvania. . . . Speaking of space, we would like to know whether readers feel we are printing too many letters in the Open Forum. The letters published represent something less than ten per cent of those received each month, and we feel they make interesting reading. Correct us if we are wrong. . . . K. Webster Stocking, of Glen Rock, New Jersey, says that this great Republic is really "an allied plutocracy and proletariat". . . . "An almost insane activity to find a cure for cancer" by the medical profession is lamented by J. Flinders Brintnall, of Saint Paul, Minnesota. He speaks of a "harvest of death" in connection with new medical "discoveries" and advises the public to beware. . . . This crytic message came on a card postmarked Pittsburgh: "Mr. Peterson split an infinitive in his last sentence (page 491 — April)." Correct. Split infinitives are allowed — in the Open Forum. . . . G. Franklin, of Santa Rosa, California, thinks highly of *THE MERCURY* in general, but deprecates our recent article on the high cost of President Roosevelt. He feels that the President's office should be supported lavishly — to make it worthy of respect. . . . Though he has "long been addicted to *THE MER-*

cury" and enjoys its "keen satire and refreshing sanity", Frank W. Ryan, of Brookline, Massachusetts, cannot stomach "the super-emetic 'Emancipating The American Male'" in our May issue. Mr. Ryan thinks that someone on the staff must "have been suffering from a mean hangover the morning he okayed *that*". Quite possibly. But, then, some of our best inspirations have come on shaky mornings. . . . Edmond W. Fenn, Hanover, New Hampshire, commences: "I am a conservative New Dealer". He goes on to deny that this statement is a contradiction in terms and presents a case for middle-of-the-road Liberalism. It is probably too late for moderation, my friends. . . . A lesson in Ukrainian is generously sent us by V. Jankovitz of Marysville, California. He says that actually there is no Ukrainian language, it being a Southern Russian dialect easily understood everywhere in Russia. . . . John R. Thompson, of Pittsburgh, asserts that there is much to be said in defense of both the cat and the dog and that "in my own association with cats and dogs I have found many likable individuals, the proportion of good and bad very much in favor of cats". That

ought to get a howl from our canine enthusiasts. . . . The denunciation of Michael Bakunin which appeared recently in the Open Forum is berated by Laurence Labadie of Detroit who maintains that Comrade B. was a very able citizen and that more of his kind are needed in the world today. . . . J. E. Fuller, a regular Open Forum correspondent from Minneapolis, writes that, though there was once a time when the Marxian element was able to frighten timid men, women, and children with tales of a bloody day to come, the great American proletariat has now been mentally conditioned by *Three Little Pigs* and *Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs* to reply to the threat of Communist revolution by saying: "Oh, yeah? Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?" Don't be too sure, Mr. Fuller. . . . And, just in case anyone is interested, by the time these lines appear we expect to have corn-on-the-cob from our garden — we started it in pots on our editorial desk the first of March and perhaps have paid more attention to germination, from time to time, than to our duty of defending the traditional American system of free enterprise. . . .



FDR'S WELCOME TO FOREIGN REFUGEES

By THOMAS JEFFERSON

Every society has a right to fix the fundamental principles of its association and to say to all individuals that if they contemplate pursuits beyond the limits of these principles, and involving dangers which the society chooses to avoid, they must go somewhere else for their exercise; that we want no citizens, and still less ephemeral and pseudo citizens, on such terms. We may exclude them from our territory, as we do persons infected with disease.

Delay takes a holiday when Bethlehem handles the job



With wings of Mercury, Bethlehem drives ahead on any construction job, and breaks records as frequently as Ab Jenkins streaking across the Utah salt flats. In building the 746-foot South Tower of the Golden Gate Bridge, Bethlehem completed the work 104 days ahead of the specified contract time. We can satisfy the up-to-date executive's demand for speed, because Bethlehem is both the largest steel construction company in the world, and one of the world's major steel producers. Therefore, when Bethlehem receives a contract, all the needed steel materials can be organized in minimum time.

BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY





THE CONTRIBUTORS

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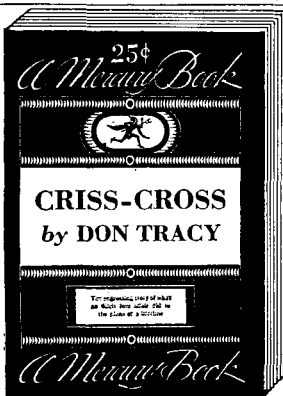


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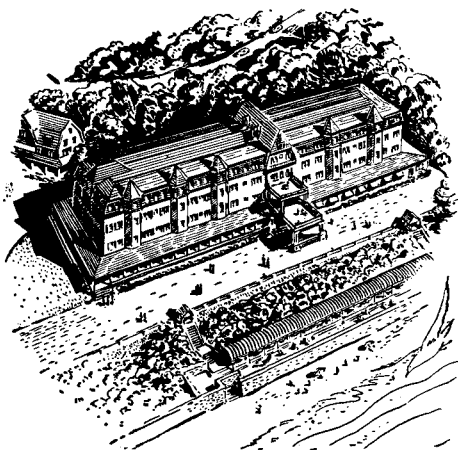
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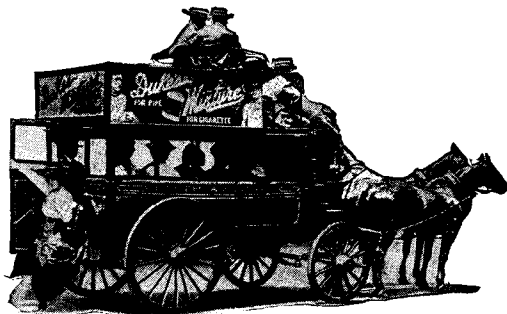


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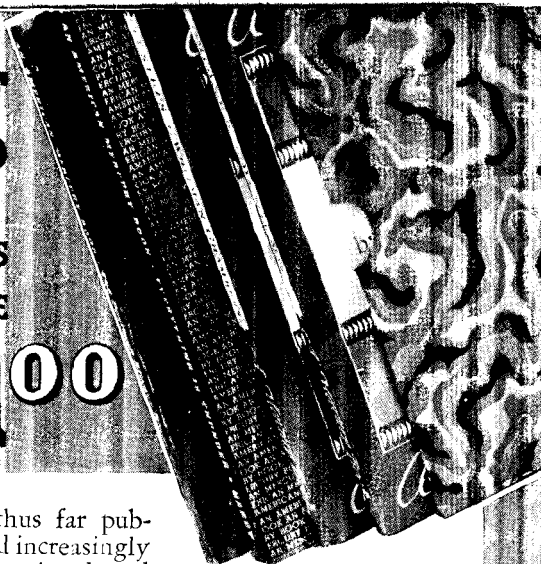


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